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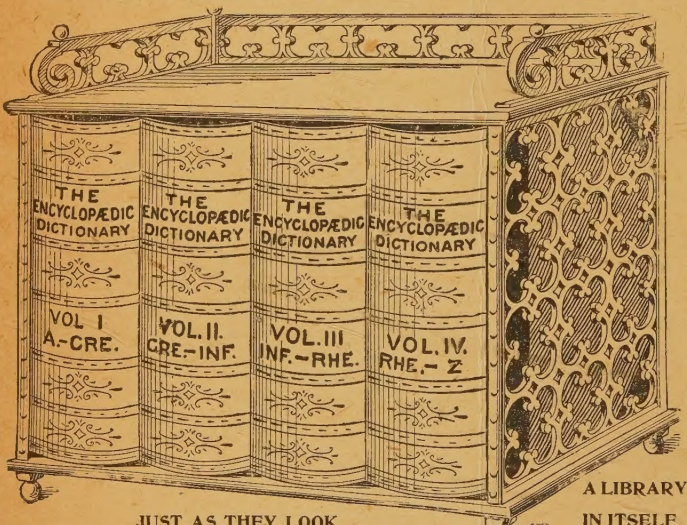

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Volume XII. FEBRUARY, 1897 Number 2.

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK.

The Bible contains the noblest lessons of human striving that are to be found in any literature.

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It records the blindness, ignorance, follies, sins, with which, age after age, the sons of men contend; and it shows how all these are triumphed over by the noble soul.

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It is the purpose of this course of short articles to call attention to the teaching contained in some of the great chapters of this greatest of books.

EXODUS.

MIGRATION OF THE HEBREWS TO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Book of the Covenant.

And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down from the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him.

And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden rings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.

And all the people brake off the golden rings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. And he received it at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, and made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

And when Aaron saw this, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To-morrow shall be a feast to the LORD. And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings, and brought peace offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

And the LORD spake unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest up out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves: they have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded

them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed unto it, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And the LORD said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiff-necked people: now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation.

And Moses besought the LORD his God, and said, LORD, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power and with a mighty hand? Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, saying, For evil did he bring them forth, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people. Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it for ever.

And the LORD repented of the evil which he said he would do unto his people.

And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, with the two tables of the testimony in his hand; tables that were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written. And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon tables.

And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp. And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear. And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it with fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought great sin upon them? And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are set on evil. For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him. And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off; so they gave it me: and I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.

And when Moses saw that the people were broken loose; for Aaron had let them loose for a derision among their enemies: then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Whoso is on the LORD'S side, let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. And he said unto them, Thus saith the LORD, the God of Israel, Put ye every man his sword upon his thigh, and go to and fro from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And the sons of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

And Moses said, Consecrate yourselves to-day to the LORD, yea, every man against his son, and against his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day. And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the LORD; peradventure I shall make atonement for your sin.

And Moses returned unto the LORD, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.

And the LORD said unto Moses,

> Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. And now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine angel shall go before thee: nevertheless, in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them.

In the Public Library of Boston, at the end of the long gallery upstairs, are some remarkable paintings by Sargent, illustrating the development of the Hebrew religion. In these pictures one sees at a glance the idolatrous influences out of which, at the period of this chapter, Moses was endeavoring to rescue his race.

Fire and torture, cannibalism and human sacrifice, gluttony and wild revelling with weird bewitching radiance hung around the worship of the heathen gods.

Out of such a satiated life these very Hebrews had themselves sprung. It was in their blood. One or two leaders like Abraham and Isaac and Jacob had lifted them for a little while out of and above it, but they soon fell under the yoke of the Assyrian kings and the Egyptian Pharaohs. These two contending powers are strongly represented in Sargent's pictures, with their arms lifted on either hand to smite the enslaved Israelites.

Imagine this race of slaves freed at last and coming out into a wild country where every step had to be taken in contact with fierce barbarous idolatrous tribes, descendants from the same old stock as the Israelites themselves, and yet endeavoring under the hand of this wonderful leader Moses to live up to an incomparably higher standard of religion and morals than anything before attempted.

Mighty must be the man who could accomplish such an undertaking, and fierce and frequent the contests between his ideal and their desires!

This chapter, which we are considering, offers a striking illustration of one of these conflicts. It brings out remarkably the nobility and the weakness, the trial and the triumph, of the character of Moses.

In the opening scene, Moses exhibits a quality in marked contrast to the people he is leading,—a quality that is essential to real greatness, the quality of being alone, of searching in the silence.

It seems as if the strength of this capacity in Moses, and the lack of it in the people, was a prime cause of the tragedy which follows.

Moses was a man who

> "In the still hours when passion is at rest
> Gathered up stores of wisdom in his breast";

who in his aloneness found his genius and his strength, equipped his soul for battle, arrayed his forces, formed his ideals, laid his plans, gathered his power.

The Israelites had the opposite tendency: to them to be alone was depressing, full of fears. They had no infinite resources in the stillness of solitude. Like sheep that huddle together, with their nibbling noses, following hither and thither as close as they can be, they simply could not understand how the shepherd could bear to be alone. For themselves they needed the constant chatter of tongues, they wanted to be seeing something, or doing something, or having a new sensation all the time.

This frivolous weakness was dangerous then as it ever has been. "Where in the world has this man Moses gone?" they cried out in impatient weakness. "He cannot possibly be spending weeks like this absolutely alone, he must be dead or lost." And then, wretchedly satisfied with their own unreasonableness (for Moses had told them he was devoting himself to working out a scheme of laws, a constitution, a covenant, a form of government to unite the whole colony of tribes that were now getting so numerous as to need a settled code, and they could hardly expect him to formulate such an important constitution offhand) the whole people, in a fractious paroxysm of that dangerous old idolatrous spirit, suddenly resolved to forsake all the tedious discipline and decent morality into which Moses had with such devoted persistence trained them, and rush off into a wild orgy of idolatrous intoxication.

So they started a tumultuous carousal, and broke at once all their pledges of faithfulness to the simple morality and righteousness of the worship of Jehovah.

Meanwhile, Moses works out patiently the plan of his ideal government. He knows the past dangers. He sees the future opportunities. If these people, now seasoned by ad-

versity and strengthened by trial, can hold fast to the simple, hardy, industrious, abstemious life they have now been leading they will become the strongest, purest, and noblest of the races of the world.

One thing, only one thing, can accomplish such a result; that is absolute separation from the baneful excitements of the idol-worship feasts and the loose conflicting responsibility of these many deities.

Their own God, Jehovah,—he alone is God; absolute obedience to his law alone would be the real triumph for his people.

So Moses in long hours of prayerful thought seeks to work out into human laws Jehovah's mighty will.

Not many, of course, of the elaborate rules, so minute and careful, which we find in these early books of the Bible came from so far back in the Jewish era as the time of Moses; most of what we find here is the result of a later development, for none of the originals of our records were made for nearly a thousand years after Moses slept his well-earned sleep upon the Eternal Father's breast.

But the gist of the whole system of laws,—the devotion to one God,—and the first great given *words*, the commandments, were doubtless from the inspired mind of Moses himself. On the mountain, hidden, as the people thought, in the glory of the close presence of the Almighty, Moses labored.

At last, as his plan was complete, and he prepared to return to the people, and, with a new covenant, lead them on to higher and yet higher life, Joshua suddenly brings him word of a great commotion in the camp below. At first they think it is a battle. "But no," says Joshua; "it is not the voice of those that shout for victory, neither is it the cry of those who are overcome. No, it is as the sound of those who sing in a revel."

Alas! Alas! Moses' heart quaked within him, for of all things it was that revelry he most feared.

"My God," he cries, "what shall I do?"

And then it seems to him that the very face of Jehovah darkens with a frown, and an awful voice cries: "Let me alone. My wrath is hot. I will consume them."

Then in a wonderful passage, a passage which is a magnificent Biblical testimony to the divinity of humanity, Moses pleads with Jehovah for mercy and gentleness toward these erring Israelites.

Of course in these days they had no conception of a God who was never angry, and Moses uses some strange reasoning to soothe Jehovah's temper and persuade him to be lenient and kind. He says what an unpleasant thing it would be to have the Egyptians ridiculing Jehovah when they heard that, after all the mighty power he had exerted to rescue these people, he had been obliged to destroy them after all as the worthless slaves the Egyptians had always said they were.

Jehovah repents and forgives them. He will still recognize the Israelites as his own. He lets Moses descend from the mount to see what has really taken place, and bear, as he has borne so often, the irritable discontent and reproaches, as well as the more real burdens and sorrows, of this weak and most aggravating people.

The truth is even worse than the report. Hundreds of his most faithful workers reel in intoxicated imbecility about the glittering figure of a golden calf! All the people seem to have been suddenly seized with the madness of idolatrous revelry.

Then we enter the second stage of the tragedy.

It seems to Moses that all is lost.

I suppose in that first scene, while he argued with Jehovah in behalf of Israel, and besought the Lord to be merciful to his people, he did not himself realize to what excesses this disaster had led. At any rate, no sooner does he discover the true state of affairs than a cloud very like to that which bespread the countenance of Jehovah darkens his own face.

Passion—alas! all too human passion—fills his heart. He destroys at one blow the holy words he was bringing, and he commands the priests to smite with frightful slaughter the drunken crowds now unable to defend themselves. Such a barbarous chastisement as the butchering of fathers and brothers, seems to us frightful; but terrible as it was, it was not unusual in those days.

But for Moses to have initiated it! Moses the wise, the guardian of the people, the self-restraining, the meek! Alas! it was an exhibition of the frailty of the great.

The closing scene is again superb. It re-

veals the splendid reassertion of true dignity, of true power, the power of humility and self-sacrifice. Moses has been sorely tempted to forsake this vacillating band of slave-born people, to give up the herculean task of lifting them from degradation to strength and self-respect. He almost feels the effort to be fruitless. And as long as he thinks of himself, it does seem so.

But when he thinks not of himself, but of them, of their distresses and long suffering and terrible oppression, is it weakness for his great heart to melt? No: his soul is diviner than his judgment. With weary steps he climbs again the rough pathway of Mt. Sinai. He had destroyed those tablets of the law. He will make them over. He will appeal again to Jehovah. For the impatience and fickleness of the people he will offer his own unwearying service. For their disobedience, his own deathless loyalty. And if that is not enough—"O God," he cries, "they have, indeed, sinned, sinned a great sin; and yet forgive them, thou mighty one, thou infinite one; spare them. But if not, if not, why then blot *me* from thy book of life; but let them go on and live, O my Lord God, let them go on and live!"

This is the supreme point.

This is divinity in human love.

It is prophetic of the Christ and the splendor of the Cross.

It is the proper conclusion of this great chapter,—great, indeed, in its lessons of hope, of struggle, of patience, of trial, of weakness, and of love.

We need not be told that Jehovah granted forgiveness, and that he promised still to protect these wanderers. We feel sure that he would do just as it says, "Send his shining angel before to lead them on."

Our service measures our capacity to receive divine grace and joy. It is at once the fruit of our faith and the attestation of our faith.—*Philip Moxom.*

But it is true, as Emerson has written, that difficult duty is never far off; and it is also true that the most difficult, yet most inescapable, is frequently a door that opens for us into some treasure-house of our own being, some better appreciation of our social opportunities, some closer access to the patient heart of God.—*John Chadwick.*

OUR CHURCHES.

FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

On Sunday, Oct. 20, 1850, Rev. Charles Andrew Farley conducted a public religious service in the building then known as Simmons's Atheneum Hall, Commercial Street. There were twenty-five men present and no women, the early comers to California being either unmarried or leaving their families behind them.

After the religious service was concluded a committee was chosen, consisting of Messrs. Hart, Noyes, Simmons, Winsor, Perry, and Lord, to make provision for a future meeting. A collection was taken, amounting to $37.50. This meeting was the beginning of the Unitarian Church in San Francisco.

On the 17th of November following the committee offered a brief statement of four articles, which was adopted; and a more complete organization was made by choosing six trustees,—Messrs. Macondray, Endicott, Noyes, Parker, Simmons, and Ripley. The society thus formed worshipped in Simmons's Atheneum Hall a few Sundays, when they removed to the building then known as the Museum Building on California Street. There they worshipped until April, 1851, when Mr. Farley left California, and the destructive fires of May and June suspended the affairs of the society until the following January, 1852, when a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Noyes, Darling, Harris, Perry, and Ripley, to communicate with persons, lay and cleric, at the East, in regard to a preacher who would come to this church. The result was that Rev. Charles Harrington, of Hartford, Conn., arrived here, under most happy auspices, in the last days of August, 1852. He preached a few Sundays in the then rooms of the United States District Court. Mr. Harrington died on the 2d of November following.

In the mean time a more permanent organization had been formed, with Messrs. F. W. Macondray, F. A. Hussey, James King, of Williams, William Hooper, and Squire P. Dewey, trustees; George F. Noyes, secretary; and John Perry, Jr., treasurer. The foundations of the church building on

Stockton Street, between Clay and Sacramento Streets, had been laid and carried on to completion in the spring of 1853. In June of that year, Rev. Frederick T. Gray, of Boston, came in response to the invitation of the church; and on the 19th of July, 1853, the new building was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. Gray remained here less than a year, and Rev. Rufus P. Cutler, of Portland, Me., succeeded him in September, 1854.

During Mr. Cutler's ministry the society was incorporated under the laws of the State in November, 1855, and held their first meeting after the incorporation on the 8th of January, 1856. The officers of that meeting were: James Wilson, moderator; J. Coolidge Stone, clerk; O. W. Easton, treasurer; and the first board of trustees under the act of incorporation, chosen at this meeting, was as follows: W. F. Bryant, M. R. Roberts, W. S. Thompson, A. A. Buckingham, G. E. Elliott, and John F. Osgood.

Rev. Rufus P. Cutler was succeeded by Rev. J. A. Buckingham, who remained with the church only for the short period between June, 1859, and April, 1860.

Mr. Buckingham was followed by Rev. Thomas Starr King, who left the Hollis Street Church in Boston, and went to San Francisco in April, 1860. He remained the minister until his early death in March, 1864.

Though his ministry was so brief, scarcely four years, he left a name which will always be associated with California and with this church. Going as he did to the Far West in the troublous times of the Civil War, by his patriotism, by his voice in the pulpit and on the platform, he saved the State to the Union. He is honored, as he should be, wherever his name is known; for he never feared the face of man, he sought truth with pure moral courage, spoke it with persuasive eloquence, and ever espoused the cause of right against wrong with heroic spirit.

When the new church was built, the sarcophagus containing his remains was removed from the old churchyard to the Masonic Cemetery, on July 18, 1887. It was carefully guarded there until Jan. 26, 1889, when it was brought back to the new churchyard, and deposited in the place which had been reserved for it.

Immediately upon the death of Thomas Starr King, the stricken church sent for Dr. Bellows of New York to come to its temporary relief. He went, and remained six months, until a permanent minister was secured, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., who came from a settlement of nine years in Portland, Me., and who since his installation in San Francisco in September, 1864, has continued his ministry there.

In the early autumn of 1894 Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., was ordained and installed as associate pastor, but in the summer of 1896 Mr. Eliot resigned and Dr. Stebbins has since been alone.

With one exception, that of the chaplain of one of the seamen's bethels in San Francisco, Rev. Horatio Stebbins has had a longer settlement than any other minister on the Pacific Coast, and his ministry has been as remarkable in its character as in its length of years.

Dr. Stebbins is not only the minister of the church, he is also the servant of the public; and is called upon as almost no other man for the greatest diversity of service,—from burying some stray son of Eastern parentage to getting a man a position on the police force.

In education and in all moral questions his voice is strong and influential. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California for twenty-five years and has only just retired. It was largely through his wisdom and ability that the present beautiful site of the University at Berkeley, looking out of the Golden Gate, was secured.

Perhaps, aside from his daily and weekly services in and out of the church, the most important single event of Dr. Stebbins's ministry in San Francisco is the building of the new church.

The church edifice to which he came in 1864 was on Geary street, between Stockton and Dupont streets. With the growth of the city this location became undesirable, and in 1887 the property was sold, and an eligible site a mile west was purchased.

The present church building, of which the corner-stone was laid December 25, 1887, was dedicated on Sunday morning, February 9, 1889.

The day was rarely beautiful, and the congregation completely filled the building,

while many went away disappointed that even standing room could not be found. At eleven o'clock the bell ceased tolling, and the organ gave its first voice in the presence of a company of worshippers. The door to the chapel opened, and the guests of the occasion passed to their places. A delegation from the architects, contractors and builders, the men whose hands had helped to build the edifice, first entered; then some of the elder members of the church, followed by the church trustees; a representation of the trustees of the Temple Emanu-El, whose courtesy the society had enjoyed for a year and a half; and lastly, the ministers who were to take part in the service, and the venerable Rabbi Cohn escorted by Dr. Stebbins.

The organization of this church is very simple. It does not assume any corporate responsibility for the opinions of others, nor establish any standards or tests as conditions of union with it. We avoid the double arrangement of calling a part of the people the church and another part the congregation, professors and non-professors. For purposes of business and the support of the church, all who contribute and sign their names to the constitution of the church, not a creed, are the authorized managers of the affairs and methods of administration in the church.

All the ordinances of religion and the ministrations of the pastor may be enjoyed by all. The only condition is that one shall be interested in Christianity and in life and duty and destiny, in the light of Christianity, and feel that he is benefited and blessed by the teachings, prayers, and worship of the accustomed Sunday service, and by the presence of the pastor in times of private joy or sorrow, and feel a sincere sympathy with all human good, and a desire to promote it according to his ability.

There is a great variety of individual opinion among us, and we esteem this a great advantage to us all. We feel that in regard to all the great truths of God—Man, Duty, Destiny—there is room for a great variety of thought and experience, and that the doors of the kingdom of heaven open both ways. Uniformity is not desirable, because it is one-sided. The church has been blessed by a good Providence, and by the lives of many devoted men and women who have given of their substance, and of their hands and hearts, for its material and moral support. In a community singularly exposed to fluctuation, it has had the steady strength of many good and pure hearts, and has stood always for freedom, education, and religion, and for all human charity. We cordially invite those who feel that they would be benefited, interested and blessed in their moral and spiritual life, and who desire to cherish pure human sympathies, as the children of God, our Father in heaven, to unite with us in devout worship, in intelligent and earnest thought on the great interests of human life and society, in works of love, and in that life of the mind and heart and soul that is, under God and Christ, our divine calling as spiritual beings.

THE POSITION OF JESUS CHRIST IN UNITARIAN THEOLOGY.

BY REV. GEORGE CROSWELL CRESSEY, PH.D.

All who bear the Christian name are beginning, at least, to realize that "to accept Christ" is a matter of character rather than of belief. The increasing interest, too, which centres around the personality of Jesus is not speculative, but practical; it arises not from any acceptance of any dogma, but from recognition and appreciation of his life. It is interest in him, not as God, but as man.

It does not follow, however, that no clear thought is necessary and desirable concerning his position in history and his relation to mankind. Definite thought is the foundation, if not the inspiration, of permanent feeling; and, whether or not we realize it, we need a practical theology as the ground of our religious life. It is sometimes asserted that Unitarians have no theology. If by the term we mean a fixed and final standard of belief, a system wrought into exact detail and constructed with mechanical precision, the statement is no doubt true. Again, an eminent prophet of our faith has said that Unitarianism is a collection of theologies. If by this was meant that Unitarianism signifies a unity of spirit and purpose which is deeper and broader than mere identity of belief, Dr. Hedge was right. But theology

is too large to be compressed within the barriers of system; and thought of God, and his presence with man, and of man's relation to him, though we neither dogmatize nor reduce everything to definition, is still *theology*. And, whatever may have been the fact in the past, there is certainly to-day substantial agreement among us on these transcendent questions of life. We hold the idea of God, though we do not seek to picture him to the senses; for the greatest realities are unpicturable,—they must be thought, not represented in sensuous imagination. We have, too, our estimate of man, our views of the ways of God with men, of the relation of man to God, of the need and way of salvation, and of the personality, the life, and the work of Jesus of Nazareth. This concurrence of sentiment among us, moreover, while not always literal or exact, is as satisfactory as it is no doubt permanent. For it is the unanimity of belief which follows, rather than precedes, thought; it is the result of thought, not of the practical denial of the right to think.

To us Jesus was in nature human. We believe in his pure humanity. Yet, though we reject the creedal expression, "God, the Son," we gladly admit and cherish his preeminent right among all men to the Scriptural appellation, "the Son of God." Practically sinless in that he seems always to have done that which he believed to be just and right, following ever where duty called, even to the sacrifice of life itself, rising not only in moral but in mental penetration far above the sentiment of the age, discerning alike the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and exemplifying in life and practice the truths which he taught,—the central figure, too, in the most significant portion of the world's history,—Jesus of Nazareth is easily the spiritual leader of our race. What, then, may we ask, is his place in our theology, *i.e.*, in our thought of God in relation to humanity?

First, he represents to us *divinity*, but not deity. We see in him one of the highest manifestations of God, but not God himself. I say "one of the highest," rather than the highest, because I believe the highest manifestation of the Infinite is the entire creation, is entire humanity; and the whole is greater than the part, even than the greatest part. This distinction, however, between divinity and deity is frequently overlooked, sometimes denied. It is said that divinity presupposes deity. Truly it does just this: it is an evidence of the infinite Reality, which is its source, but it is not itself the infinite Reality.

When we have seen some inlet or bay, we have not seen the ocean, nor are the bay and the ocean one and the same. We have seen something which gives us an idea of the nature of the ocean, of some of its characteristics. Not only from the bay, but from the rising tide of the river, from the receding waves as they drip from the rocks; even in the stagnant pool of the marsh, we may gain a slight conception of some of the qualities of the almost limitless sea; but we have neither seen nor known the ocean itself. Since the sea is finite we can express its extent and volume in the barren numeration of arithmetic; but it remains incomprehensible to us. We cannot picture in our minds its immensity, we cannot grasp in our imagination its grandeur and power; we cannot do this, though many times we may have traversed some portion of its trackless expanse. Again, the movement of the constellations in their cycles represents the power of gravitation; so does the motion of the planets in their orbits; so does the apple as it falls from the tree. Yet no one of these manifestations is the infinite force itself.

In the same way we truly see God in Jesus; but we see him also in the smile of the babe, in the kindling eye of the patriot, in the crowning devotion of the martyr, in every sacrifice of love, even in the piteous appeal of the dumb brute for the protection of its offspring, and in the sunshine and verdure of spring and in the glories of the autumn. But any and all of these are not identical with the Infinite from whom they come, with the God of whom they are the manifestation, with the Infinite Power who is their source and strength.

We not only say, but we believe, that man is created after God's image, that God is in all men, incarnate in humanity. And the nobler and grander the character of a man, the more divine is he, the more he has realized the God-likeness. And this divinity,—inherent in every soul however dimmed by circumstance and sin, especially apparent here and there in many of the

striking figures of history, existent, likewise, though unobserved of mankind, in many of the "short and simple annals of the poor," — this divinity we see most strikingly illustrated and exemplified in the life and teachings and spirit of Jesus Christ.

That we believe in his divinity but not in his deity is thus a natural and reasonable and therefore a profound statement of fact. When we use thus the common and somewhat vague expressions, elder brother, friend, master, lord, we mean that Jesus, of the same nature as ourselves, through the same inspiration which may be open to all, rose to such heights of character and life, so developed the divine nature in which he partook and in which we all in some degree partake, that he has become a type of spiritual life and power, an inspiration, a teacher, a friend, who seems ever near unto us.

The second fact concerning the place of Jesus in our theology must be expressed partly in negation,—a method unfortunate, yet, from the doctrinal position of a large portion of Christendom, imperative. We see in him and his life no mediator or mediatorial work in the sense that he ever stands between us and God. We joyfully recognize that many come to God through his teachings. They have learned of God through him, he has been the teacher who has led them to God; but the communion of creature and Creator is free, direct, immediate. There is, for there need be, no reconciliation of God to man, of the infinite Father to his children.

It is clear, also, that some in the so-called pagan world, some too, perhaps, within the limits of nominal Christianity, have come unto God through other ways than knowledge of the historic Jesus.

> "Revelation is not sealed
> Answering unto man's endeavor,
> Truth and right are still revealed."

Some tell us that this occasional enlightenment is through the Christ-spirit; but this is only a strained way of saying that the spirit of God is manifest not only in the life of Jesus but in many other ways and through many other avenues. Everything speaks to us of God; and the voice of nature and the whisper of the soul appeal more powerfully to some than all the revelations of history and of man. It is not for us to limit the ways of God, or to circumscribe the boundaries of divine revelation. Stephen died with faith undimmed in Jesus as the prophet of the living God; Socrates drank the fatal hemlock, calm and serene, confident in the imperishability of the soul and trusting in the righteousness of the unknown God. We see Jesus standing in the same relation to God in which all men stand; he fulfilled this relation and became one with the Father. Others, we must think, in humbler spheres, have also largely fulfilled the relation and have grown into union with God. But most of us, the overwhelming majority of mankind, through the hardness of their hearts or the irresistible pressure of condition, have only in part realized this relation, and have yet much to achieve before we can think of ourselves as in any practical degree one in righteousness with the purest and holiest of mankind and with the Infinite Father of all. Yet it is the Christian ideal that we, the disciples, should be one with God, even as he and the Father are one.

It follows, then, naturally from this conception of the personality and works of Jesus that he is properly an object of reverence, but never of worship. I am constrained to deny absolutely for myself, and I believe also for the vast majority of the adherents of liberal Christianity, the propriety of ascriptions of praise and worship to other than to God himself. We may perhaps juggle with words, and give to them meanings which they do not hold in popular thought or in accurate thinking. We may define worship as "supreme reverence," and thus assert a ground or at least discover an excuse for the worship of Jesus Christ; but even this does not sanction that which naturally follows,—prayer to him as an omnipotent being, or as able through intercession to influence the Almighty in behalf of the suppliant. Here, indeed, we find ourselves involved in that scheme of divine economy in which neither head nor heart finds satisfaction, and which the world is fast rejecting.

Worship is more than reverence, even "supreme reverence." It contains another and different element. We need not enter into discussion of definition or into philosophical analysis of the feeling or the act.

The difference in the content of the two words is more apparent, perhaps, when left undefined. They represent ultimate emotions of the soul, the depths of the heart. It is doubtful if we can adequately define them except in their own terms; but they are clear in human experience, and the difference is equally clear. In its lowest form worship involves fear; in its highest form, reverence; but there is always something more. We may reverence the character of Abraham Lincoln, the intellect of Immanuel Kant, the self-sacrificing labor of many a missionary or philanthropist; we may reverence Jesus in higher degree as combining all these divine qualities of manhood in marvellous intensity and power,—but this is not worship. Whenever men anywhere adore the name of Jesus, they must adore him not as man, but as God. Nor can I think it a fortunate circumstance, except perhaps as a step in religious development, that so many of our fellow-Christians think of Jesus as actual deity, and practically worship him alone. To us such worship is rescued from sacrilege only by the motive which prompts and the misconception which sanctions it. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Yet, though we cannot worship, we will gladly reverence. We will reverence the name of Jesus because we see the divine in him; we will reverence, too, every noble soul, every heroic life, every unselfish spirit because we see the divine in them.

In view, then, of the pre-eminent position which Jesus occupies in our religious thought, and of the greatness and permanence of his influence, what shall we say of his relation to the world-order? Is it natural, or is it miraculous? We have reached to-day that stage of wisdom in which we no longer assume miracle to explain mystery. The life of Jesus is mysterious but it is only a repetition in peculiar form of that universal mystery which veils the fact and working of spirit-life everywhere. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but we cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so are all things which are born of the spirit."

As we trace the growth of religion, moreover, in the Israelitish nation, the gradual change from the formal to the essential, from the material to the spiritual, from sacrifice to mercy, clearly apparent in the progressive emphasis of prophetic voices, we may discern in Jesus the natural culmination of the inworking spirit, the flower and consummation of that profoundly religious race. He came to the world, indeed, at last, as the dawn breaks in some regions of earth, suddenly out of the darkness of night, with no twilight of the morning; but we see only the result, we read only the surface, and can we doubt that, if we could probe the depths of spiritual law and process, we should see in him alike the child of nature and the child of God, alike the triumph of law and the triumph of love?

With him, too, in a certain sense a new order began, a new dispensation, if we would retain the phrase of the past. But it was no re-creation, no abrupt intervention of God in the flow of history; simply a change of the current in the direction of a new ideal,—an ideal toward which, nevertheless, the currents of life had moved from the beginning.

It is not, however, the method so much as the result which vitally concerns us. It is not theories about nature but nature herself which is an ever present manifestation of infinite power; it is not so much the way of creation of the human soul as its actual existence, its transcendent powers and possibilities, which arouse within us the sense of awe and responsibility; it is not the method, however grand, through which Jesus came, so much as the result, which inspires us,—that godlike man, that sublime personality, that self-sacrificing spirit, that ideal of character.

"He cometh not a King to reign,
The world's long hope is dim,
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him;
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he,
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

By thine own soul's law learn to live;
And, if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And, if men hate thee, have no care.
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.

—*John G. Whittier.*

QUESTIONS ON THE WAY OF LIFE.

This series of "Questions" is designed to meet the earnest inquiries of our young people, as they face the real demands of the religious life.

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THE SECOND QUESTION.

CAN I FOLLOW JESUS?

I. Jesus said so. Doubtless he knew. His words are:—

> "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me."

II. It is not Christ's cross that I am to carry, but my own. Not the cross of crucifixion to death, but the cross of devotion to life.

> If I were asked to bear the cross he bore I should not have the courage to attempt it; but I suppose I ought to be able to lift my own cross.

III. Jesus said not only, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," but also "I must be about my Father's business"; *i.e.*, I must not only trust in God, and feel his presence, but I must work for him, take an active part in the great enterprise of life. This is bearing my own cross.

IV. Is this all I have to do to follow Jesus? No, it is only the beginning: after resolving to take up my own cross daily, then I have to make sure that I carry it along the right path. There is only one way Jesus went; to follow him I must go that way.

> He shows me just where to set my feet when he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, even the least, ye have done it unto me." It is the path of service.

V. To follow Jesus must I then be a burden bearer? weighed down by my daily load, always suffering and sad? Not at all, Jesus declared "My yoke is easy and my burden light." This seems like a contradiction. I have always thought that which a man carried weighed him down; yet Jesus, though he was a great burden bearer, was never oppressed or disheartened. Indeed, though he carried the sorrows and sufferings of humanity, the burden exalted him.

> There seems a wonderful possibility of joy in this thought, a burden that uplifts, a cross that exalts.

VI. The fact is, the path of service, with the daily cross on one's back, while it is a steep ascent, yet leads into such higher atmosphere and such spiritual companionship that the heart and soul are refreshed. More light, more faith, more hope, flow in from the divine life above as one ascends.

> To "Reckon not the gain, But count the hardest duty light that lifts another's pain" is in fact not only to count it so but to find it has become so. The burden itself, when borne as the daily cross of service to the world, becomes possessed of a divine buoyancy.

VII. To follow Jesus is not then so hard: it is an open way to all who are willing to walk in it. It promises the highest and purest joy, for it leads onward and upward forever.

> "And he said unto ALL, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

WICLIF THE PATRIOT.

[Died December 31, 1384.*]

They were trying times in which Wiclif lived, and to him whose mind was enlightened and whose heart was filled with the love of religious liberty, deeply and painfully trying. He knew the slavish terror under which a pope could lay an entire people. When Gregory V. excommunicated Robert of France, churches were closed, bells were silent, religious services ceased, no prayers were offered, no chants sung, marriages were hastily performed at the church porch, the dying were almost forbidden the last rites, pictures were hung in mourning, and statues of saints were draped in black and put to lie on beds of cinder. Wiclif observed the growth of corruption among the Franciscan and Dominican priests, and the hypocrisy of their profession, while the deluded people delighted to hear their foolish and often worse tales, and turned away from the moral and spiritual realities of life. He had to lament that the Bible was a sealed book to the common people. He saw vacant offices in the Church, rich livings and bishoprics, filled by foreigners who never came near to perform any duty. He protested against transubstantiation: "How canst thou, O priest, who art but a man, make thy Maker? What! The thing that groweth in the fields,—that ear which thou pluckest to-day,—shall be God to-morrow! As you cannot make the works which he made, how shall ye make Him who made the works?" He had to contend against the ridiculous superstition: "Every year Saint Francis descends from heaven to Purgatory and delivers the souls of all those who are buried in the dress of his order." The friars used to kidnap children from their parents to shut them up in monasteries, and all the abuses of auricular confession were rife.

It was a good work that Wiclif did. He protested, he preached, he prayed. He exposed himself to all kinds of vituperation and hatred. He lectured at Oxford. He labored in London. He sent out his "poor preachers" who should tell, with pure lips and lives, of Christ and his gospel. He translated with little aid the Bible into the mother tongue of the people. He smote the bonds of spiritual tyranny. He defied the opposition of foes. He laid the basis of our present prosperity, freedom, and civilization. Brave old man! "The Gospel," he said, "is the only source of religion. The Roman pontiff is a mere cutpurse, and, far from having the right to reprimand the whole world, he may be lawfully reproved by his inferiors and even by laymen." "I resolve," was one of his protests, "with my whole heart and by the grace of God to be a sincere Christian, and, while my life shall last, to profess and defend the law of Christ so far as I have power." What a spirit was his when, as his enemies surrounded what they thought his dying bed, he rose and threw them into consternation by affirming, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the evil deeds of the friars." And again, as he expected a dungeon or a burning pile: "What, live and be silent! Never! Let the blow fall; I await its coming." As we read, our spirits are freshened as by a rising breeze. Many of us have not perhaps sufficiently thought how much we owe to one who, with the menace of martyrdom before him, was yet unflinching to the truth, strong in conviction, and unwavering to faithfulness.

It was as a patriot no less than as a religious reformer that Wiclif was led to take a determined part in opposition to the papacy and its claims, satisfied as he was that they were adverse to the true interests of his country. Though the last years of the reign of Edward III. are gloomy and full of factious rancor, there is something very modern and very national in the divisions of parties. Strange allies were brought together and separated again; and Wiclif was too good a politician, and knew the world he lived in far too well, to refuse the aid of strange allies. Here, as always in his career, we have to recognize in Wiclif the reformer, full of the most fiery hatred against oppression and hypocrisy, and at the same time the man of the world, who will reject no useful instruments and will give his opponents no advantage

*The date of Wiclif's death has been variously stated. Some authorities say it ought to be 1387. But an official inquiry has shown that his death took place three years earlier than Oudin supposed. The Episcopal register of Lincoln contains an entry made in 1385, and it is thereby proved that the death of the great English Reformer took place on December 31, 1384.

More than five hundred years ago the son of the peasant of Richmond—that beautiful Richmond in the Moors which Turner drew—had become a person of political importance. At the university he had contracted one of the deepest feelings of his nature,—one of the ideas which influenced him most profoundly,—his hatred of the monks. After a short stay at Queen's College, he had gone to Merton, where "whoever became a monk was expelled from his fellowship." There was then some reason for the jealousy which survives at Merton in the shape of the right to elect by wardens. Everything that the French in the early seventies urged against the teaching Jesuits was then believed of the monks in Oxford. "Parents were afraid to risk their sons, who, without their consent, were enlisted into the mendicant orders. The number of scholars is said to have shrunk from thirty thousand to six thousand." So writes Milman, while Lingard declares that "the zeal, piety, and learning of the friars had deservedly earned the esteem of the public." In this way history is written, but both for private and public reasons Wiclif learned at Oxford to suspect, disdain, and detest the friars. He also imbibed the nominalism of Ockham, and with nominalism and its clear common sense he embraced the doctrine of the supremacy of the state. As the most subtle of logicians, and the most eloquent of speakers, in an age when learned men had their influence in affairs, Wiclif was a force to be secured. The Crown did secure him to plead against the doctors who urged an old claim of Pope Urban for one thousand marks. Urban was constantly dunning the government, and Wiclif, from his peculiar views, was naturally chosen to oppose him.

It was at the moment when, though both the Commons and barons suspected the Church and envied her wealth, yet the baronial party was of the two the more eager to rob her, that Wiclif formed his alliance with John of Gaunt. On the one side were the Commons of the Good Parliament, with Courtenay and with Wykeham, the blameless and munificent minister and patron of learning. On the other side were John of Gaunt, once the leader of the feudal party, and now perhaps scheming to secure the succession, and Wiclif. He whose political ideas outdid in liberality any that the most liberal Parliament of that or of our age would admit, was hand and glove with Lancaster, because Lancaster, for his own selfish purposes, opposed the presence of Churchmen in the council of the king. It was between the dissolution of Edward's last Parliament and his death that Lancaster protected Wiclif on the well-known occasion when Wiclif was cited before the Bishop of London and formally or informally condemned in the midst of a scene of confusion and excitement. Then came Richard's accession, and the Crown once more found Wiclif useful. The pope's agents in England were known to be in possession of a large treasure, which, in the usual way, they had extracted from the people. Was it lawful for the government to seize the money? The question was asked of the University of Oxford. Wiclif was put forward to answer it. He declared that the nation had the first claim to all money raised within the realm. The patriotic decision was one which the strongest supporters of orthodoxy in England might have agreed with, had they possessed the courage of their opinions. The most bigoted of the convent historians were Englishmen first, and did not spare to denounce the covetousness of the popes and the Italian clergy who plundered England. Possibly they even exaggerated the amount of booty which went to Rome.

But the chief thing to notice is the very strong and secure positions which Wiclif held before he passed from attacking the social abuses, the luxury, and hypocrisy of the clergy, to controverting the central doctrines of the Church as generally held. He had the university to back him, no mean alliance in those days; he had the good will of the government, which knew where to find a sturdy and subtle defender of the supremacy of the state; he had probably some share of the personal regard of Lancaster; and he enjoyed the protection of the king's mother. Therefore, when the pope despatched bulls, commanding inquiry into Wiclif's doctrines, to Simon of Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, to the university, and to the king, he arraigned the reformer before two friendly judges. As to poor Simon of Sudbury, his hat was soon afterward nailed on to his skull, and his head was carried through the streets on the

point of a lance by the insurgents of 1381. He and the other bishops may have had a warning of this fate when they called Wiclif before them at Lambeth. "He had no longer Lancaster and the earl marshal at his side," says Milman, but a more formidable array of partisans, the populace, whose menacing looks and gestures affrighted the prelates.

His latest friends, his true friends, the people, soon severed Wiclif from most of his other connections. Under all the parade, the gorgeous chivalry, the ecclesiastical splendor of that time, the first forces of the revolution were heaving. One has only to turn to Piers Plowman and to the political songs of the time to catch the accents of the popular voice. The demand for equality was being raised. The ditty

> "When Adam delved and Eve span
> Who was then the gentleman?"

expressed the confirmed disbelief in natural distinctions of rank. On this belief hung all the ancient world, and all the middle age. Wiclif himself, a man of the people by birth, did not forget his origin when he came to be well beneficed and the counsellor of kings. In dress and daily habit of life he was what the founders of the friars had been, and what the friars had ceased to be. It is hard, if not impossible, to make out what was his exact connection with the famous simple priests, and whether he chose to run the great risk of preaching to oppressed and passionate men the doctrine of equality. Perhaps his labors in the translation of the Bible,—that translation which, as a hostile contemporary says, "made the gospel a common thing, and more open to laymen and women who could read than it was wont to be to clerks of moderate learning"—perhaps that labor may have blinded him to the coming insurrection.

Come at all events the Peasant Rising did, an outburst directed less against the clergy than, as in the French Revolution, against all documents and keepers of documents that perpetuated popular disabilities. The archbishop was beheaded in his secular character of chancellor. At St. Alban's the wealth of the Church was aimed at; but then the Church was only a large landowner, like another. In a revolution partly political, partly social, Wiclif's ideas, even in the perverted form in which his opponents represented them, may have had but little influence. The main fact is that all free thought, in every sphere, became discredited from the moment of the Peasant Rising. The Commons were frightened into a cruel reaction, more cruel than the young king was willing to sanction. The foes of Wiclif insisted that the agitators were inspired by him. A reign of terror began. The first statute of heresy was passed. The free opinion of Oxford was crushed by Courtenay. Wiclif's disciples deserted him. He was summoned before convocation, and absolutely baffled his judges by his logical subtlety. Too stupid to understand, they were too united not to condemn him. He appealed to the king. The remaining fragment of his life was safe, for England had not yet been frightened into the priestly dungeon, where bigoted Lancastrian princes and bishops of high degree tortured and burned their captives at their will. He lived to see the reaction, but not to suffer from its worst excesses. With the immortal Chaucer he illustrates a brief period of free national life, a short epoch worthy to have produced the father of English prose and the father of English song. One may read through the history of England, and not find in her ecclesiastical affairs a character so completely fashioned and original, an intellectual force so versatile and strong, as the intellect and character of the old master of Balliol and Rector of Lutterworth.

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.
HACKNEY, LONDON, ENG.

CONSTANCY.

As forest pine its minaret thrusts
  Aloft into the cloudless sky;
And as in mother-earth its roots
  In gnarlèd tangles deeply lie;
So constancy, sweet quality,
  Is rooted in our inmost souls,
And through our acts of sacrifice
  Its changeless higher life unrolls.

It bears the storm, it bears the heat,
  It bears the chilling frosts of life;
The burdens of the wintry snows
  Upon its hoary head are rife.
Adversity, with palsying hand,
  Cannot deter its daily growth;
Nor will it sanction in its train
  The qualities of greed or sloth.

O Constancy! since earth emerged
From chaos and confusion dire,
Thy steadfast light upon our path
Has shone, for us, a pillar of fire.
The planets in the stellar vaults
Of heaven's glowing firmament,
Have shown, by ceaseless journeying
Around the sun, thy great intent.

What shall we call thee, constant law,
That ever since the earth was trod
Hast guided man to higher things,
Unless, in truth, we call thee God?
Thy laws immutable are e'er the same,
Though days and centuries decay;
And lead us to the mounts from which
We gaze upon eternal day.

A. E. LOCKE.

IRREVERENT BELIEF AND REVERENT UNBELIEF.

BY REV. LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

Reverence.

Reverence is that which was felt by the first man who "stood God-conquered, with his face to heaven up-turning." It is that which all men feel when their mental vision is directed toward the holy of holies. Reverence presupposes a sense of vastness. It is inspired by that which is lofty, whether in architecture or in nature or in the awe-inspiring presence of soul. It is felt in the experience of music that "hath charms to soothe the savage breast." It steals upon the receptive soul in every high impulse whether from nature or from man. Reverence does not consist in forms and rites; but in regard for the sacred. They are reverent whose souls bow before the majesty of infinities.

Irreverent Beliefs

are those that are held without this reverence, those that undo such a spirit of reverence. The greatest gift of God to man is the privilege of communing with him in spirit and in truth. They who have experienced religion, not by some incubating process of revival, but by the life process which sees the divine in the common and hears God speak in all human words of truth and love, and sees God's face in all that is beautiful; they who have been made aware of his healing presence in the night time when alone, and in the street when not alone,—they will know what reverence is, and realize that it is the last and greatest of God's blessings to his children. Beliefs that usurp the place of such experience, that make such experience impossible, cannot but be irreverent. Beliefs that shut one's eyes so they may not behold the wonders in God's law; beliefs that shut one's heart so that it may not feel the presence of the heavenly guest, are irreverent. Too many beliefs are closed doors rather than transparent windows. Definitions of Deity frequently usurp the spirit's place, and men cling to opinions and beliefs with such tenacity that they are precluded from taking hold upon God.

There is an irreverent way of holding beliefs which consists in holding them as ends, not means. We believe that we may have the fruits of belief, a well-poised soul living and growing. Beliefs should be only the home of the mind, from which it may go forth knowing that to this it may return to rest and gain strength to go forth again. Beliefs are held irreverently when they are not held subsidiary to reverence.

One may irreverently hold reverent or irreverent beliefs. The power of some creeds to stimulate spiritual growth has not yet been tested, because falsely held; the pernicious effect of some irreverent beliefs has been palliated by the reverent manner in which trusting souls have accepted them.

Yet some beliefs expand, while some contract, the spiritual nature; some quicken while others chill the spirit of devotion. It is an irreverent belief in God that pictures him after the mental image now outgrown by the thought and worship of the age. It is but blasphemy to our ears to hear that which once was reverently said of God. God, conceived in form like the human, with attributes like unto human endowments, a God who could create the world just to raise up a race of vassals who should repeople heaven, who could condition human welfare upon blind obedience, and punish eternally those who failed to do his will because following the instincts which he gave them,— such a God does not stimulate man's reverence, and such belief held before men must rapidly make them irreverent. Insistence upon such belief is partly the cause of the irreverence there is in the world to-day. Fortunately, such

beliefs exist only in two places,—in the creeds of older churches and in the minds of scoffers. In both places they work much harm to religion. Let them be taken from the creeds, since they have vanished from living thought. Those who profess these creeds must feel under some constraint to accept their teachings. And not only is a falsity wrought between the profession and conviction, not only is much valuable spiritual energy wasted in the attempt to believe what cannot longer be believed; but more serious injury is wrought to the reverence of man by holding before the world, even as formal truth, these shocking beliefs. And still more mischief is wrought by the attempt to destroy these older systems, an attempt made by those who regard them as vitally accepted by those who make profession of them. The blows of the iconoclast upon the forgotten image cannot but attract attention to that which otherwise would be ignored; and the attempt to destroy cannot but arouse resistance from those who otherwise were passive. The destructive methods of controversy thus preserve the formal statements of outgrown faith; and the things that are really believed are not permitted to work their healing way in the world. This will doubtless be the case as long as these old statements usurp the place of living ones; for while men falsely profess, others must in truth protest. In the mean time the real life of the spirit is ignored.

Reverence in the Churches.

There is reverence in the church world because reverent beliefs animate the present mind. Not the old anthropomorphic God, but the Being which cannot be described, yet whose dearest name is Father, because that is the highest name man can give; not vassals to serve at a monarch's court in heaven, but men to live out their own lives and glorify their God by the glory of their triumph over sin and all that is low; not the vicarious atonement of Jesus, the only hope of heaven, but the suffering of each and every noble life for all, as typified in Jesus; not eternal punishment, but inevitable suffering due to sin,—these and such as these, are the living convictions of the theologic mind to-day. And these thoughts are leading the world to a sense of vastness, grandeur, and goodness which is making man to bow before the Infinite.

The Indefiniteness of Belief.

If religious truths are less clearly and definitely stated to-day than in the past, it is well for the reverence of to-day; for part of the irreverence which all must overcome is due to the very definiteness of the creeds that have been professed. A God who can be fully defined is not very inspiring; a heaven that can be measured is a poor heaven for the imaginative. As Martineau says of the materialistic view of the universe, so we may say of much speculative theology, "Its very clearness [proclaims] its insufficiency for those affections which seek not the finite but the infinite." Compare the clear conception of God that was given us in our childhood with Job's vision of God's being when he said, "It is more high than heaven, what canst thou do; deeper than hell, what canst thou know?" Or even with Herbert Spencer's, "Infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed." Which conception fills you with most spiritual devotion?

The need of to-day may be more clearness of the grounds of belief. Men need to see where they stand in the thought and spirit of the age, but they do not need more clearly defined conclusions; beliefs should not be concluded. We need more height and depth and breadth of vision and of dream.

The Faith of the Future.

In the greater faith of the future men shall learn to revere that which they cannot see, and the God who cannot be named shall be their God. The heaven that cannot be pictured to earthly sense will be their heaven, and the Church of the Holy Presence which cannot be portrayed will be their church. When the readjustments theology is now making are completed, men will have a more settled starting-point for their religious thinking; they will have abiding ground upon which to stand to behold the heavens; but they will look up and out.

For the present, in the transitions of to-day, when the old thoughts are gone or going, and the readjustments of the new

thought are not completed, the one surpassing problem is to disbelieve devoutly. Lowell sang in the presence of the Cathedral:—

> "Perhaps the deeper faith that is to come
> Will see God rather in strenuous doubt
> Than in the creed held as an infant's hand
> Holds purposeless whatso is placed therein."

Some are coming now to see that strenuous doubt reveals God more clearly than he is revealed by the purposeless acceptance of a creed. But strenuous doubt belongs to the transition. An affirmation only can be doubted. Men cannot doubt that God that has not yet been named. And when they have ceased to doubt the name of God or the God of the name, they may come to revere the God beyond the limits of the name.

In the future there will come a time when reverence will pervade belief and transcend belief. It will come in the future of every man who will persevere in the cultivation of his spiritual impulses; but to this end all must learn to disbelieve devoutly. I do not accept my brother's creed, must I therefore feel no rapture toward the infinite? I have no patience with that friend's dream of heaven. Must I then have no sense of the heavenly? I do not agree with what is taught about religion. Must I then have no devout upreaching of the soul? I cannot shape for myself a satisfactory belief about God or heaven, nor define the meanings of religion; but does that absolve me from the inborn instincts of my heart? Must I stop my ears to the call, "Come up higher, because I cannot see the face of the One that calls? Must I quell within me the hopes that mount upward because I cannot see the height whither they tend? Must I still the beating of love in my heart because that which appeals to my love is too infinite, too holy to be grasped in my earthly hands? Must I turn my eyes toward the earth because I cannot see out there beyond the stars? Must I look no more at the beauty of the flower because I cannot comprehend infinite beauty?

Surely, there is something in the great nature of Being that inspires these loves and hopes and longings within us; and, if there is not, still are they worthy of our cherishing. But they are not born of poor human statements. Rather are poor human statements born of them. We may escape definitions, but not that the defining of which was attempted. Something divine has been pressed in upon man all the way from the beginning. Man would know what it is that presses in; and, though no man has known, though we cast aside what all men say of it as vain, though we ourselves cannot name that which presses in upon us, we cannot escape the pressure. Oh, my brethren, the Infinite is at your door! Will you forbid it entrance because your fathers have called it petty names, or because you yourself cannot call it by its right name as it enters? Let it enter. Open wide the gateway of your being, that the glory may come in, even though you may not call it King.

A STUDY OF CARLYLE.

BY GEORGE W. BUCKLEY.

I.

Humorist.

The genius of Thomas Carlyle presents itself under the three aspects of humorist, poet-historian, and prophet or poet-prophet.

The term humorist I apply not in any limited, precise sense, trying to mark off humor from wit, but as a general term covering both, standing for that spontaneous quality of the intellect which conveys truth through the sense of the absurd, the comic or the false in human conduct.

This faculty Carlyle exercises vigorously and unstintedly in manifold ways, sometimes as the illuminating flash of wit, sometimes as the caustic sting of sarcasm, sometimes as the more extended flow of humor. In using it he is more affluent, profound, and incisive than Macaulay, and, what is better, is guided by a moral earnestness of purpose such as neither Macaulay nor any other historian has manifested to men.

How forceful and pungent, how grim and grave, how free and sportive he is in his criticisms of men and life! I think we often go wrong in our harsh judgment of this man by not making sufficient allowance for the play of his irrepressible sense of humor. To this, quite as much as to an unworthy pessimism, should be attributed much of the

grumble and fault-finding which appear so often in his writings and letters. We doubt not that he—and his "Dear Goody" too—got much enjoyment out of it. Here are two of many illustrations taken from his letters to Mrs. Carlyle. Morning after morning, aroused from slumber by earlier risers than he, this doleful-humorous message sped its way:—

"Last night I awoke at three, and made nothing more of it, owing to cocks and other blessed fellow-inhabitants of this planet, not all of whom are friendly to me, I perceive. In fact, this planet was not wholly made for me, but for me and others, including cocks, unclean things many, and even the Devil; that is the real secret of it."

Again he pours out his distracted brain over cocks, pianos, and various auricular irritations:—

"How the ear of man is tortured in this terrestrial planet! Go where you will, the cock's shrill clarion, the dog's harsh watch-note, not to speak of the melody of wheel-barrows, wooden clogs, loud-voiced men, perhaps watchmen, break upon the hapless brain; and, as if this was not enough, 'the Piety of the Middle Ages' has founded tremendous bells; and the hollow triviality of the present age has everywhere instituted the piano. Why are not, at least, all those cocks and cockerels boiled into soup, into everlasting silence? Or, if the Devil some good night should take his hammer and smite in shivers all and every piano of our European world, so that in broad Europe there were not one piano left soundable, would the harm be great?

"And this miserable young woman that now in the next house to me spends all her young, bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery, or business that will profit herself or others; not even amusing herself or skipping on the grass-plots with laughter of her mates; but simply and solely in raging from dawn to dusk, to night and midnight, on a hapless piano, which it is evident she will never in this world learn to render more musical than a pair of barn-fanners. The miserable young female! The sound of her through the wall is to me an emblem of the whole distracted misery of this age; and her barn-fanners' rhythm becomes all too significant."

Once, as I fancy, being induced to attend light opera, he returns home, and spends the night in writing a criticism of such wit and sarcasm as Voltaire might envy.

"The very ballet girls," he says, "with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous, whirling and spinning there in mad vortexes. . . A truly notable motion, marvellous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, went bounding from the floor, as if she had been made of Indian rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully."

A social or religious sham, a vice or defect of character, he often presents in a phrase, a sentence, a brief paragraph. Of the impurity of a novel by Diderot, he remarks, "If any mortal creature, even a reviewer, . . . be compelled to glance into that book, let him bathe himself in running water, put on change of raiment, and be unclean until the even."

Popery in the time of Cromwell is the "three-hatted chimera." In its hands eternal truth is a "shamming grimace." Parliament is a "talking apparatus." John Stuart Mill he loves, "as a friend frozen in ice." Robespierre is the "sea-green monster in spectacles; meant by nature for pastor of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession." Describing the vanity for dress of a Saxon minister in the time of Frederick the Great, he pronounces him the "vainest of human clothes-horses." The conversation of a dignitary of the English Church he calls "distractively speculative, oftenest purposely distracted, never altogether boring. His talk has one great property, it saved all task of talk on my part." He refers to Dean Stanley's liberalism as "boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England." Of one of Cromwell's enemies he observes "John Lilburn, who could not live without a quarrel, who, if he were left alone in the world, would have to divide himself in two

and set the John to fight with Lilburn, and the Lilburn with John." In the life of John Sterling, that beautiful and just tribute of duty and affection to an intimate friend, Carlyle has occasion to touch upon Coleridge as a conversationalist. Any one acquainted with the life and productions of that poetic, mystical, vague, though vast, genius must appreciate the humor and critical vivacity of the following description:—

"It was talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations, like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; what you are to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. . .

"To sit as a passive bucket of water and be pumped into whether you consent or not, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coleridge talk with eager musical energy two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers.

"He began anywhere. You put some question to him, made some suggestive observation. Instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out toward answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way, but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that into new courses, and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any."

Yes, Carlyle was a humorist,—a humorist in a profound and large way. Hardly any writer so intensely a moralist, so dead in earnest, could be more so. Behind almost everything he has written I see the man of copious, strong, searching, and withal, poetic humor. An under-current, or over-current, runs through half his pages. Now it is the lightning of displeasure concentrated in a nickname or a phrase. Now it spreads itself over whole pages, an electrical current, cutting away at some disease of social life, some sham belief or practice of man. Or it may take the form of a playful picture or description of a historic event, a character scene in social or domestic life, a mere pessimistic observation on men and things that irritated his nervous, dyspeptic apparatus. In his diaries and letters, espepecially to Mrs. Carlyle and to Emerson, one finds excitants enough for hearty laughter. On visiting him in England, Emerson was greatly impressed with this humor side of his friend's genius. "There is nothing deeper in his constitution than his humor. . . . He feels that the perfection of health is sportiveness, and will not look grave even at dulness and tragedy."

(To be continued.)

THE GROWTH OF LIBERAL AND TRUE RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AS SEEN IN THE WRITINGS OF IAN MACLAREN.

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY.

Some time ago a volume of sermons by Scotch ministers appeared, which showed that out of old and hard Calvinism a gentler, sweeter life was rising. That volume made us feel that the Scot had a warm, feeling heart underneath his rugged and stern creed. There is in him a good deal of Robert Burns as well as of John Knox. Of late this Scot has been occupying a large place in the mind of the religious world. The stories of George MacDonald made manifest the sweeter life in old Scotland's forbidding religion. And now Barrie and Lyall touch the same chord, and the many hands play the same tune of gentleness, and bring home the truth that not only of one blood, but of one heart hath God made all nations of men.

One name at this day takes up a large part of the world's attention. He is a minister of the gospel, who writes not only sermons, but stories, all, however, on the same theme,—the religion of Jesus. John Watson, or Ian Maclaren, as he calls himself, is a sign of the times. It has been his good

fortune to be an incarnation of the new life that has come out of old Calvinism.

His sermons are not at all such as the fathers would or could in good conscience have preached. In his last story—Kate Carnegie—he gives us a picture of one of the older ministers, who was compelled by his whole noble life to preach the old doctrine of God's wrath and election. Rabbi Sanderson, as they called him, had to preach that God was an exacting judge, whose inflexible justice demanded the damnation of some. It was not because the dear old saint wished to preach such stern truth that he did it, but because he had to. He felt that woe was he if he preached another gospel. But out of this obedience to conscience grew in time a fuller, sweeter light. We honor the men who through sorrow and tears obeyed their consciences, even if they seem to us terrible in their loyalty to those consciences. The reward is seen in the glorious religion which has arisen on our times. At the heart of old Calvinism was the doctrine of the sovereignty of God. But, says the modern, the centre of that sovereignty is love, not wrath. And this has lighted up the whole doctrine with grace and beauty.

The modern minister turns more to Jesus than to Paul or Calvin. He has less to do with the fall of Adam, and more to do with the Sermon on the Mount. In one of his stories Maclaren tells of a young man who was to preach his first sermon to a people who had called him to become their minister. He must preach, of course, a great and learned sermon. But the thoughts would not come, the pen would not write as it ought to. There was no warmth to the sermon he had, and he felt it. His aunt saw his perplexity, and called to mind for him the last words of his mother who had passed into the upper light some five years before: 'If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'll no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ. An', John, I'll hear ye that day though ye'll no see me, and I'll be satisfied." He burned the written sermon, and went into his pulpit with a heart filled with the memory of his mother and a love for Jesus; and he preached one of those sermons that get not into print, but into lives forever and forever.

This loyalty to Jesus marks Ian Maclaren's thought, and all our liberal, religious thought. In his prose work, "The Mind of the Master," he says: "When one reads the creed which was given by Jesus, and those which have been made by Christians, he cannot fail to detect an immense difference. . . . They all have a likeness to each other, and a family unlikeness to the Sermon on the Mount. . . . What must strike every person about Jesus' sermon is that it is not metaphysical, but ethical. What he lays stress upon are such points as these: The Fatherhood of God over the human family; his perpetual and beneficent providence over all his children; the excellence of simple trust in God over the earthly care of this world; the obligation of God's children to be like their Father in heaven; the paramount importance of true and holy motives; the worthlessness of a merely formal righteousness; forgiveness dependent on our forgiving our neighbor; the fulfilling of the law of love; and the play of tender and passive virtues."

Around the Sermon on the Mount gathers all the religious thought of this man who is touching the modern mind and heart. He almost grows monotonous—if such a thing is possible—in his repetitions of loyalty to this highest standard of religious thought. He puts his creed in a short form, full of Christ, full of tenderness, full of hope and sympathy, which runs thus: "I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in a clean heart; I believe in the service of God; I believe in the unworldly life; I promise to trust God and follow Christ; to forgive my enemies, and to seek after the righteousness of God." The religious papers of the sterner creeds tell us that this is no creed at all, that it is "worthless as a creed in honor of Christ."

Nevertheless, it is around this creed, or one like it, that the hearts of men gather. It is this creed which is moulding men into gentler and nobler forms. It is this creed is giving consolation in hours of sorrow. It is this creed is putting new life into the Church and winning men's adhesion to the Church. It is this creed that is making us see God in all noble men whose lives are given in work for their fellows. Such a creed compels us to honor the intellect, and also to give place to the heart. It is

compelling us to judge God not so much by the laws of old Rome or the Common Law of England as by the tender life he has himself planted in each human heart.

In the parish of Drumtochty was one Lachlan Campbell—a Grand Inquisitor—whose opinion "neither minister nor people could lightly disregard." He stood for "sound doctrine," and sound doctrine with him was the old Puritan kind. The minister was a young man with a love in his heart for Christ and man, and the great beautiful world about. At times he would give his people a sermon which he hoped might awaken in them a love for nature, might help them see God's lessons of hope and comfort in the trees and skies. To Lachlan Campbell, in these sermons "There wass nothing right, for I am not thinking that trees and leaves and stubble fields will save souls, and I did not hear about sin and repentance and the work of Christ. It iss sound doctrine that we need, and a great peety you are not giving it." "I am not liking his doctrine," said the great inquisitor, "and I wass thinking that some day there would be no original sin in the parish of Drumtochty."

When the minister undertook to preach about the higher criticism, Lachlan thought "It iss not goot to meddle with Moses," and he and the minister had a falling out. He was dreaded by the young people who came for examination in their Bible and catechism. Yet in that stern old Scot, wrapped in many hard crusts of Calvinism, was a true, warm heart; and the time came when it was revealed. His daughter, Flora, went astray, and left him, and went to the great city of London. Her father mourned for her, yet in obedience to his sense of duty he blotted her name out of the family Bible, and would have blotted it out of the church book. But the thought was brought home to him how it would do if God were to blot our names out of the book of life for our sins. His sorrow took off the husks which hid his heart, and in time the real, true man came forth. He came to learn that God was a God of mercy and of plenteous redemption, that like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord doth pity. When his daughter returned a penitent she found not the cold Calvinist, but the Christlike Christian. And so warm was the old man's welcome that she said to a friend, "It iss a peety you hef not the Gaelic; it iss the best of all languages for loving. There are fifty words for darling, and my father would be calling me every one that night I came home."

In this same parish was one Marget Howe. She was the best woman in the parish, so full of love and yet so full of honest common sense. It was she who had helped Lachlin Campbell to ripen into real Christian faith and love. Maclaren gives us a few glimpses into her life, and in them we see the new and loving theology which is replacing that of the days gone. She had a son, George by name. He was "a lad o' pairts"; the dominie was proud of him; he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he gained honors; he was destined for the ministry and was made ready for it. All was fair of promise; for honors had fallen thick and fast on the young man from Drumtochty. But a wise and good God planned otherwise. The young man came home to die. One day he was sitting, wrapped in his plaid, outside beside the brier bush. His mother was in the parlor with one of those good-hearted, but wrong-headed, neighbors, who come to comfort those who are beyond them. This neighbor, Kristy Stewart, would warn Mrs. Howe with the consoling thought that "it's an awfu' lesson, Marget, no to mak idols o' our bairns, for that's naethin else than provoking the Almichty." Marget Howe knew God better than that, and so replied: "Did ye say the Almichty? I'm thinkin' that's ower grand a name for your God, Kristy. What wud ye think o' a faither that brocht hame some bonnie thing frae the fair for ane o' his bairns, and when the puir bairn wes pleased wi' it tore it oot o' his hand and flung it into the fire? Eh, woman, he wud be a meeserable, cankered, jealous body. Kristy, wumman, when the Almichty sees a mither bound up in her laddie, I tell ye he is sair pleased in his heaven, for mind ye hoo he loved his ain son. Besides, a'm judgin' that nane of us can love anither withoot lovin' Him." The son heard all this conversation, though the mother did not intend he should. And when she saw that the window was open, she said,—

"I didna ken."

"Never mind, mither, there's nae secrets

atween us; and it gar'd my heart leap to hear ye speak up like yon for God."

Then he told her where and how he got his first real idea of a good God. He asked her if she did not remember the night when he was a boy he called to her in fright; for he could not sleep, so terrified was he by a sermon he had heard on hell.

"Ye hae na forgotten, mither, the fricht that was on me that nicht?"

"Never," said Marget; "and never can."

"Ye asked me:—

"'Am I a guid mother tae ye?' And when I could do naethin' but hold, ye said, 'Be sure God maun be a hantle kinder.'

"The truth came to me as with a flicker, and I cuddled down into my bed, and fell asleep in His love as in my mother's arms."

In our liberal and modern theology we mark the triumph of the pure and noble heart. It sees in God not less than the tenderest human love, but infinitely more. And well does Maclaren make "The Fatherhood of God the final idea of God." "One," says he, "is aghast to discover that the doctrine which Jesus put in the fore-front of his teachings, and labored at with such earnestness, did not leave a trace on the dominant theology of the early Church." But now this doctrine is coming to the front place, and coming to inspire, to cheer, to give hope, to lighten the burdens of life here, and to shed floods of light upon the world to come.

Among the very best of Maclaren's essays in his book, "The Mind of the Master," is one on the "Sovereignty of Character." In this he says that "There is nothing in which we differ so hopelessly as creed, nothing on which we agree so utterly as character. Impanel twenty men of clean conscience and average intelligence, and ask them to try some person by his opinions, and they may as well be discharged at once. . . . Ask them to bring in the standard of conduct, and they will bring in a verdict in five minutes. . . . Just as he approximates to the Beatitudes they will pronounce the man good; just as he diverges, they will declare him less than good."

This truth is emphasized in the very best story Maclaren has yet written. It is a short story of five chapters, and about a doctor of the old school. The theologians of a school which is fast passing away object to this story and condemn it as a sugar-coated pill calculated to deceive and ruin people. But its beauty, pathos, and truthfulness win our hearts and minds. And we accept the testimony of the hearts which God himself has made rather than of the creeds which metaphysically-demented men have made. The name of this old practitioner was William MacLure,—no man of smooth words, of finest manners, no great professor of religion; nor was he as steady in church-going as he himself admits he ought to have been. The brightest woman of the parish said of him that he was a kind heart, "though o' course he has faults like us a', an' he disna tribble the kirk often." His one enemy in the parish found fault with him on the same line that "it was a peety he didna mak mair profession o' religion." But no man in the parish was less appreciative of the noble qualities of the doctor than was he himself. When dying, with his friend Drumsheugh by his bedside, he summed himself up:—

"It wesna easy for me tae get tae kirk, but a' cud hae managed wi' a stretch, an' a' used langidge a' sudna, an' a' micht hae been gentler, an no been so short in temper. A' see't a' noo."

But this was not the estimate put upon his life and work by the people who knew him. He was the only man in the parish who did not know "that he'd githered mair luve than any man in the Glen." The people whose diseases he had healed, whose children, wives, and husbands he had rescued from death, looked on him, as the one who "had a share in a' body's grief, an' carried the heaviest wecht in a' the Glen."

The prayers of people and minister together went up for "the beloved physician," that God might "wonderfully bless his skill."

Now, what is objected to by the stricter sort is not that Maclaren praises this man of medicine, but that he should give him a place in the land of the blessed. Those of the stricter way hold that only through Jesus Christ, who died and bore our sins on the cross, have we any claim on God for mercy. Good works, kind deeds, and such must not open bliss hereafter. Now this story of the new theology not only praises the old doctor for his deeds of love and sympathy, but takes us to his death-bed

and makes us see the gates beyond open to their full width to welcome this rough man of the Scottish glen to the full bliss of God's "Well done, good and faithful servant." With Drumsheugh, his friend, we sit by the bed of this dying Good Samaritan. He asks Drumsheugh to read him a bit out of his mother's Bible. Drumsheugh takes the Bible and says he'll read a word his own mother used to like,—"In my Father's house are many mansions"; but the doctor stops him. "It's a bonnie word, an' yer mither wes a sanct; but it's no for the like o' me. It's ower gude; a' daurna tak it. Shut the buik an' let it open itsel, an' ye'll get a bit a've been readin' every nicht the laist month." The book opened to the parable of the publican and the Pharisee, which Drumsheugh read. The words, "And the publican standing afar off would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote his breast saying, God be merciful to me a sinner," pleased the doctor.

"That micht hae been written for me."

Then follows a prayer that gives our modern theology, our new faith in God, our new, fuller love for him and our strong confidence in his love for us. The doctor asked Drumsheugh to pray, which he did.

"Almichty God . . . dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' ony body in Drumtochty. . . . Be kind tae him as he's been tae us a' for forty year. . . . We're a' sinners afore Thee. . . . Forgive him what he's dune wrang, an' dinna cuist it up to him. . . . Mind the fouk he's helpit. . . . the weemen an' bairnes. . . . an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin't after a' his wark. . . . Amen."

Thinking of his patients and of his work, thinking of his mother and his boyhood, he passed away. This man would be excluded from heaven by the old theology. And, indeed, the many comments by some of the church papers of our day do exclude him from a world of hope and of love beyond. The older thought, born of some of Paul's rabbinical sayings, of St. Augustine's confessions which are saturated with the stern spirit of Roman law, of Calvin, who thought most of man as a sinner rather than as a child of God,—this old theology condemns such a picture as that given us in this story of the doctor as irreligious and harmful. There is no thought of atonement in it, no redeeming blood of Christ, no scheme of salvation. But it is filled with the spirit of the Good Samaritan, filled with the spirit of Christ, filled with the love of a Heavenly Father. We thank God for this new light and life. We rejoice in it. We bring our tribute of tears to the old doctor's death-bed; and we feel that the man who finds no room in heaven for such as this man, who did his best for "the puir bodies" of our suffering humanity, will find little room there for himself.

It is when one puts some of the older books, older sermons, and older religious stories alongside these stories of Maclaren's that we see the blessed change which has come over our religious thought. "Pilgrim's Progress," a wonderful book, gives us one phase of religion—the old Puritan phase; these stories of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" give us another—the new Christian phase. It is a great change; and thank God for that change!

HIS GREAT AND DEEP THOUGHTS.

"O, Lord, how great are thy works; and thy thoughts are very deep."—Psalms xcii. 5.

Thy works are true and wonderful,
  Thy thoughts are true and deep;
But wonder still more wonderful,
  That Thou my life doth keep!
That though in ways of sin I go,
  Thou always bring'st me back;
Though often aches the wounding blow,
  Thy healings know no lack.

Forever seems it that I fall,
  All bruised, again to rise;
That so Thou caust love me at all
  Is daily glad surprise,
Is deepening of my aching shames
  In fierce and fiercer fires,
Until no wish abides their flames
  But unto Thee aspires.

Oh, make my thoughts think deep and true
  Within true thoughts of Thine,
My heart serene as skies of blue
  When summers stormless shine,
My being true in all its ways,
  As though a holy psalm
That joys Thy blessed name to praise
  In stormy days or calm.

Thy love so perfecting in me
  Makes all I think and do
Thy tender, holy beauty be,
  And nothing done to rue,

My life's each laughing line to fly
On soaring, lyric wing,
Through all the truth's clear morning sky
To lift a song and sing.

Pleasant as song it is to think upon thy works, who hast made thy creation out of a loving, rejoicing heart! About me they are in beauty lying, in mystery hiding. Within me they are in dear delights, in infinite, unsearchable deeps.

I would ponder upon them that my heart may admire thy creative beauty. I would so think upon them that I shall love thee as thou art manifested in these multitudes of thy tender and beautiful thoughts. I would find thy love to be the secret of all, that my heart and my life may break forth into some glory of gratitude, into some answering love of tender and holy praise.

In yon thrush that flies singing thou art hiding, yet how thou showest thyself forth in the beauty of its life! I hear thy voice in its song. I see thy graces in its wing.

In this vine that climbs its tender ways to the kisses of the sun, thou art in hiding, yet how thou showest thyself forth in the beauty of its life! Thy breath is its fragrance. Thy kisses of life show in its "globes of honeyed wine."

In the deeps of my baby thou art hiding, yet how thou showest thyself forth in the beauty of his face! That dear face is the shaping forth of something of the rapture of thy heart. In his beautiful life something of thy dear eternity lives.

O these veils! these veils of beauty everywhere that hide thee! How thin they are sometimes, letting thy great glory through in blinding brightness! And then, again, how they do attemper to our weak gaze thy glory too bright for us, that we may experience thy great love with beating hearts in love with what thy hand hath made!

Help me, O Life of life, to find thee everywhere, thinking upon thy children with a great and holy care! Help me to enter into the deeper meanings of thy thoughts which move within us as a very divine life! Help me to take a deep delight in thy wisdom whose multitude of truthful thoughts are all within and without me in thy beautiful world! May I feel the beatings of thine own heart attuning mine to its own holiness! May I breathe with thee the breath of thy great life! May I see how the universe lieth in divine fatherhood! May I see some little how it is working the will of a perfect loving wisdom, a wisdom in its infinite greatness unsearchable, yet remembering each little bird that sings, each little bud that opens in the woods,—remembering and abiding in them that they live their lovely lives! In this sad history of man may I see the motions of an undefeated, tender love, of a shining, triumphing wisdom! May I know that thou art at work in a sad sincerity which shall yet in a finished work break into a holy, perfect joy!

Make me a perfect thought of thine coming forth out of the glory of thy fatherhood! Set a multitude of thy holy thoughts abroad in me, that I shall be like thy revealing birds winging beautiful in the truths of their song! Let something of thy lovings come forth in me and fulfil in a human goodness, gentle like the flocks that bleat in the fields, like the doves that croon in the blossoms! Bring forth within me a childhood innocent and undefiled, filled with the holy joy of thine own great heart! Hide, thou, within the deeps of my being, but only that thou mayest with tender power reveal thyself in all my life, getting to thy name great glory in my strength and my tenderness which are in thee, in words that for thee bless, and in acts that for thee help!

PASTOR QUIET.

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON.*

A SERMON BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

"These words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children; . . . and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."—DEUT. vi. 6, 7, and 9.

During a recent visit to Washington, it was my privilege to spend several hours making a somewhat careful inspection of the splendid new edifice which is being built, and is now almost finished, for the Library of Congress. In the rotunda, or great central reading-room, of that magnificent building, I found a sermon, which I am going to try to give you this morning.

* Preached in the Unitarian Church, Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 22, 1896.

Jesus and his apostles, as well as the Old Testament prophets, used events of the hour and scenes passing before their eyes as material for their discourses. Why should not we to-day?

A few preliminary words will be fitting before I come to my sermon proper.

The new Congressional Library building is not only very large, but very fine as a work of art. Its cost has been a little more than $6,000,000. The style of architecture is Italian Renaissance. The inside finish, decoration, and ornamentation are elaborate and showy; yet I think it is generally agreed that there has been little or no sacrifice of real art to show. The building may almost be thought of as a vast art gallery, there is through it all such a wealth of ornamental painting, statuary, carving, and mosaic work. And an American naturally feels a little pride in knowing that it is all from the brains and hands of American artists. No fewer than forty-seven of the foremost painters, sculptors, designers, and decorators in this country have been employed in filling the new edifice with the wealth of beauty which the visitor sees there to-day. Many of these are artists who were prominent in connection with the art work of the "White City" in Jackson Park, Chicago, three years ago. And one sees many things here that remind him of that beautiful dream of now vanished beauty.

I shall not attempt any detailed description of the Washington building, or its adaptation to library purposes. It is enough to say that it is constructed in the most thorough and substantial manner. It is nearly or quite fire-proof. It will have shelving put into it now for the seven or eight hundred thousand volumes at present in the library; but it has room for shelving for three million volumes more, when the library shall have increased so much. It is supplied with every plan and device known to librarians for the rapid handling of books and the quick service of readers,—including underground communication with the Capitol, two or three blocks away, whereby Congressmen in either house may send communications to the librarian and receive books from him, through pneumatic tubes, with the least possible delay.

While the library is called the "Library of Congress," and is designed primarily to serve the needs of Congressmen, it is also for the use of the public. Any resident of Washington, or any visitor, will be welcome to go there and read, and will be served with what he wants. At the same time, special and very extensive arrangements will also be made for the accommodation and assistance of persons who desire to prosecute any kind of special research.

Thus, the purpose is to make the library a great centre of knowledge and light for the nation.

There is something very suggestive in the fact that Congress has *created* for itself a great *library*. It means a more or less clear recognition of the fact that law-making, to be wise and enduring, must be done in the light of the world's experience. It is not enough that a body of men shall come together and legislate for the American people according to their best judgment, unless their judgment is enlightened. They are bound to bring to their task the wisdom of the past and of other lands. I say the Congressional Library is a recognition of that. Hence we see what it signifies in the direction of permanent benefit to the nation. It means nothing less than a higher standard of national legislation. And not of legislation only, but of everything pertaining to the conduct of the government,—less ignorance, less partisanship, less jingoism; more intelligence, more wisdom, more breadth of view, more justice to other nations, and more safety to the higher interests of our own.

That great and splendid library, if we take building, books, and all, has cost the nation as much as perhaps two battle-ships. Does any intelligent mind doubt that it is a greater source of safety to the nation than twenty battle-ships?

But let me hasten to the central rotunda, or reading-room, on the walls of which I found what I want to call special attention to this morning.

The room is situated under the great dome. It is octagonal, and is one hundred feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty-five feet high. In the wealth of art displayed on its walls and ceilings there is hardly a more magnificent room in the world. Certainly, there is nowhere a finer reading-room. The decorations have been so arranged that the eight sides of the room

shall represent the eight departments into which literature and knowledge may be divided; namely, Art, Science, History, Philosophy, Poetry, Law, Commerce, and Religion. Thus, on one side of the room, the statues, figures, and inscriptions all represent art; on another, all represent science; on another, history, and so on.

What especially interested and impressed me was the *inscriptions* which had been put on the walls to interpret the larger and deeper meanings of art and science and poetry and law and history and philosophy and commerce and religion, as these are coming more and more to be understood by the wiser and profounder minds, and the minds of deepest moral and spiritual insight, in our time.

As I stood and read those inscriptions on the eight sides of that splendid room, I was first surprised, then delighted, then thrilled, —thrilled by their high import, but especially by the fact that words so noble had been chosen for emblazonment there, in that public place, in that place of high honor and of far-reaching influence, where they would be in a sense banner-words of the nation.

Let me give you the inscriptions, and then you will see how fine and how significant they are, what a sermon there is in them, and how exactly in line they are with the most untrammelled reason, the highest ethics, and the broadest and most progressive religion of our time.

Let me begin with what we are likely to think of as the lowest, *Commerce.* Above the gigantic female figure representing commerce are placed the words, from some unknown author, "*We taste the spices of Arabia, yet never feel the scorching sun which brings them forth.*"

In these words, what have we? A touch of humanity. A confession of human brotherhood. A recognition that every man in the world who enjoys the fruit of human toil should remember with appreciation and gratitude the toiler. We have no right to be indifferent to the welfare of even the Arab who sweats under a tropical sun to give us spices. Apply the same principle to cases nearer home, and its meaning becomes, We have still less right to be indifferent to the Pennsylvania coal miner, the Lowell cotton weaver, the Dakota wheat grower, who toil for us. Are we not all human? And in being human are we not brothers? This important lesson of the feeling heart is what that text in the Washington Library will go on teaching long after you and I fall sleep.

Turning to the side of the rotunda representing *Law*, what do we find? The noble and famous sentence from Richard Hooker, "*Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world.*"

If this were a mere recognition of the fact that we live in a law-governed universe, it would have little significance in this late age. The value of the sentence lies in the very high conception of law which it sets forth. Law is harmony. Physical law is physical harmony. Moral law is moral harmony. Spiritual law is spiritual harmony. God's laws are the methods by which harmony is secured in the universe. Human laws are methods whereby the harmony of human interests may be secured. What a conception of Law is this,—to stand there as a perpetual ideal for Congress, our national legislative body! Would that the majestic figure of Law, over whose head this fine inscription stands, might open her calm lips in times of national need to impress upon our lawmakers the meaning of these great words! I fancy her utterance would be something like this: "O makers of law for a great people, let all your laws be framed in justice. Only justice can give harmony. Withhold your hands sternly from partisan legislation, from class legislation, from legislation to benefit favored interests. On that road lie discords and strifes, discontents, riots, anarchies, wars. And in your relations with other nations and peoples, too, remember to make such laws and such interpretations of law, as will tend to international brotherhood and world-harmony. Justice is the harmonizer among nations as well as among communities. Desire no prosperity for your own nation that has to be purchased by the injury or suffering of another. Such prosperity is of the devil. In the end it will curse you and all who have had to do with it. So, then, O lawmakers, wear these golden words on your hearts: 'Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is *the harmony of the world.*'"

Turning next to the side of the rotunda

representing *Philosophy*, what do we see? The bold words of Bacon, "*The inquiry, knowledge, and belief of truth is the sovereign good of human nature.*"

What a challenge we have here to that timidity and that credulity which dare not inquire! What a fitting motto for a people who believe in political liberty, based upon moral and intellectual liberty!

Turn to the side of *Poetry*, and read the inscription. It is Milton's exquisite sentence, "*Hither, as to their fountain, other stars repairing, in their golden urns draw light.*"

How lofty and yet how true a characterization of poetry we have here! Is not the poet a light kindler? Does not his mind come nearest to being a fresh and original fountain of truth of any that God gives to the world? Is he not the world's profoundest seer and truest prophet? Does not God touch his eyes, and give him to see deepest into life, deepest into spiritual truth, deepest into the heart of things, of any man of his generation? Does not God take him by the hand and lead him higher up the mountains of vision than any of his fellows?

How rich a treasure, then, the world has in its poetry! What a place of honor we should give it in our libraries! How grateful we should be to God for so priceless a gift!

Turn to *History*. What inscription do we find here? Am I mistaken? It seems to be from Tennyson. Yes, it *is* those splendid, those prophetic lines of Tennyson, that have thrilled the heart of the world, and will go ringing down the ages to the farthest time:—

> "One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

But what have these lines to do with history? With history as many writers of so-called history conceive it,—as simply a succession of squabbles of kings and dynasties, *nothing!* But with history as sometime it will be conceived, with history as the evolution of humanity, as the story of man's progress through the ages, as a record of that infinitely sublime struggle through which the race has risen, is rising, and shall rise, to realization of the divine wrapped up in its great nature, these lines of Tennyson become such a lyric of history, such an epitome of all history, as no other pen but his has ever written. With such a view of history as this, how grand man's life becomes! How central God stands in his universe! Now the career of humanity is no longer a farce, nor a comedy, nor yet a tragedy, but a Divine Epic!

Pass on to *Art*. What is the inscription chosen to represent this great department? I read, "*As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.*"

Ah, then! we have here the conception that art possesses some moral significance, that it has a mission, and that that mission is to represent the noble in human life, to the end that the noble may kindle the noble! There are men who dispute this, and who tell us that Art is to be judged by no ethical standards. Thus we have seen a controversy going on for some time in Boston as to whether the Public Library of that city should or should not accept as a present, and put in a prominent place, MacMonnies' "Bacchante,"—a finely-wrought representation in bronze of a nude dancing drunken woman. If the Washington library authorities were right in placing such an inscription as they have in their art department, then we must take the ground that art, as well as life, has an ethical element, and that the employment of art for uses that violate ethics is a degradation of art. Let us be profoundly grateful to the Washington authorities for setting up in a great centre of national influence an ethical standard for art.

Pass to *Science*. What inscription have we there? Open your Bible and turn to one of the great Hebrew Psalms, and you shall find it: "*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.*"

Is this science? We thought it was religion. True, it is religion. But it is coming to be science, too. There is a conception of God, and I am sorry to say it is still widely prevalent in the world, which science turns away from, saying, "I know nothing of such a being." But there is another conception of God which science cannot ignore, and which few of the profoundest scientists of our age wish or try to ignore. *That* God, the heavens declare and forever will. In the presence of that God, science bows and becomes a worshipper.

Only one more side of our splendid ro-

tunda remains. It is that dedicated to *Religion.* What utterance is great enough to be placed here? Will it be a word of Calvin or Augustine or Luther? Will it be an article of any creed, or a dogma of any sect? Turn and see: "*What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*"

Could words be more fitting? Could words be more grandly adequate? Here is the highest religion of the Old Testament. Here is what is equivalent to the highest of the New. Here is a religion which Prof. Huxley says every earnest and thoughtful man must accept. Here is a religion that is reasonable, reverent, sweet, undogmatic, unsectarian answering the highest ethical and spiritual ideals that man can form. How hopeful and encouraging it is that this conception of religion is accepted as true, and expressed in this conspicuous way, in this high place of the nation! It shows that, with all our religious bigotries and narrownesses, we yet are faced toward the sunrise. At least there is light on the mountain-tops. And if there is light up there, it is only a question of time when it will flood the valleys.

This, then, is my sermon. Do you wonder that in those great utterances which I found shining like never-setting stars from the walls of that splendid rotunda in the Congressional Library building in Washington I saw a sermon? Do you wonder that as I read and re-read those great words I said, They are inspiration; they are prophecy; they are great scriptures of God, spoken to our time; they are the principles of a "better religion coming"; they voice a living and real Christianity; they are a fitting declaration of faith for a great and enlightened people to put forth to the world?

Do you wonder that I rejoiced anew to be a citizen of a land whose thought-leaders are wise enough and brave enough to fling out such a declaration of faith, not only concerning religion, but, what is scarcely less significant, concerning commerce and art and history and philosophy and poetry, and science and law?

Do you wonder that the sight gave me fresh courage and hope, and made me feel anew that the land I love has a great and God-appointed mission of moral leadership among the nations?

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

When we say we believe in "the Fatherhood of God," what do we mean?

Do we sincerely mean that we have that simple and confiding trust in "our heavenly Father" that a little child has in its earthly father?

Let us stop and consider the question.

Can we, like a tired and peevish child, carry our troubles and cares to him and feel that we are folded in the "everlasting arms" of his love and tenderness, and that not any joy or sorrow is of so small account that he does not share it with us?

I think if we could, under all circumstances, fully realize that it is so, and that whatever crosses and disappointments we meet with in this earthly life are for some good and wise purpose, we should experience much less of discontent and unhappy thought; and the spirit of contentment would throw its cheery influence around us, and we should be very much happier in our different conditions in life than we generally are, doing the duty that lies nearest with implicit faith that he knows what is best for us.

I think, except in name, we are very apt to lose sight of the full meaning of the word "Fatherhood."

When we can say we truly understand "the Fatherhood of God" and can fully realize that we are all members of one great family, though scattered far and near, I think then we shall be able to accept the Brotherhood of Man in something more than name.

If I comprehend the term "Brotherhood of Man" aright it is to be in sympathy with our fellow-man, sharing each others' joys and sorrows, "rejoicing with those that do rejoice, and weeping with those that weep," extending a helping hand to the oppressed, sharing our prosperity with a brother's adversity, lifting up the fallen, throwing the mantle of charity over the unfortunate, and giving the cup of cold water "in His name," remembering the words addressed to us by our elder Brother, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Then let our highest aim be true nobility of character, everything else subservient

and contributing toward building up that great ideal, recognizing in many instances through wasted forms and tattered garments illumined souls resplendent with the Father's love among the Brotherhood of Man.

MARY W. WILLIS.

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS, THE PEASANT POET.

"Not by form and rhythm judge me,
Nothing have I learned of them,—
These are wildling flowers only,
Sometimes decked with dew-drop's gem;
Blasted here and there by tempest,
As they grow in moor and fields,
All are torn from out my heart's nest,
Like those Mother Nature yields."

Thus runs the prelude to the volume of poems lately translated from the German of Johanna Ambrosius, a poor, worn peasant-woman, living in an obscure district of East Prussia. The prelude fascinates us by its suggestion of what is to come, and, as we later learn, is a veritable prophecy. For we read from poem to poem resistlessly attracted by the very magnetism of nature in them; they are in truth "torn from the heart's nest." Here is the true poet who sings because she must, who asks no blessing for herself, but who bears in her own suffering soul the burden of the world, like the poet whom she pictures,—

"With all men's tears his eyes are burning,
He bears the burdens of mankind."

Johanna Ambrosius did not write for critics. In the extremity of her solitary need she wrote, she tells us, "for herself and for her God." But her great heart reaches out beyond her own sorrow to the sorrows of all, and she longs to sing a song whose joyful message shall be borne round the world,—

"Unto the sick and dying
Sweet cordial it should bring,
The sound of its soft pinion's stroke
Still grief and suffering,
'Mid clank of arms and conflict hot
Fan courage to a flame;
'Mid woe men comprehended not,
Comfort it should proclaim."

Johanna Ambrosius appeals to us because, although poor and unlearned, she understands *life*,—the suffering of life it may be mostly,—but who that has not suffered shall dare to say that he understands life? This peasant woman who "has sat at the same board with want, and drunk from the same cup with penury, knows what life is." She had no imaginary woes. She did not search for a theme. She was not inspired by cultured companions, for she knew none; nor by books, for they were denied her. A single family magazine was the only material thing that connected her with the great world outside, of which she knew so little and yet so much; for the *heart* of humanity is one, whether nurtured in penury or plenty. And Johanna Ambrosius knew just how to strike the deeper notes of joy and sorrow to which that heart always responds. Confined in a narrow and cheerless environment, destined to a lot of toil and hardship, this woman in a very true sense had the most intimate connection with the brilliant world of which she read and dreamed. "They are all like us," she said to her sister. "Think of them in their environment, and they are archangels and arch-demons; but strip them of circumstances and they are joy, sorrow, aspiration, hindrances, desire for knowledge, that has made me, too, burst into tears."

She suffered much,—sometimes, it seemed more than she could bear,—and her whole soul would cry out for a refuge to which to flee:—

"It is enough! All earth's woes feeling,
I've suffered till my soul is sick;
Have fought till, bleeding, bruised past healing,
Wounded I lie unto the quick.
See through my hands the tremor gliding;
My feeble breath full soon will cease:
Thou Judge! O'er life and death presiding,
It is enough! Oh, grant me peace!"

In the poems called "My Friend" and "Dost thou Ask" we learn how solitary is her grief, how familiar and constant her companionship with pain. To those who sublimely discard the word "duty" in their vocabulary, the message of Johanna Ambrosius would bear little meaning. For she often finds herself "shivering in the scanty dress which Duty made." And yet she will not discard her, for to this "fair and cruel sister" she has pledged her allegiance.

But there is another side to the picture. To those whose suffering is keenest, delight at times comes in fullest measure. Our poet is not always battling with the ills of

life. Her muse is now and then borne along on the exaltation of joy:—

"I have drunk deep of the flaming
Sun's all-consuming glow;
I've lain absorbed in dreaming
'Neath the moonbeam's silv'ry flow.

"On tempestuous winds, wild roaring,
Over all the world I've sped,
And, heaven's blue vault exploring,
The stars have my playmates made.

"The songs elves and nixies were singing
Reached me in notes sweet and clear,
And clouds their soft hues mingling,
In roseate tints floated near.

"Then joined moon and sun in the asking:
Was aught more fair where I roved?
I answered, in joy's rapture basking:
'Yes, yes! I have loved, have loved!'"

Of love—that fair "flower which first bloomed upon our young life's tree"—she writes with that rare and graceful touch which can only be inspired by great strength and tenderness of heart: love, in its strength and its purity, love, in its mystery, love, jubilant, triumphant,—and love, too, longing and agonizing. It would be difficult to find in literature lines that could compare with the poem "Ah, Bind my Hands" in its strength of utterance and its agony of appeal. It is the inevitable cry of the heart that *lives by giving*, and is itself left desolate. The portrayal, too, of love bereft by death is deeply touching, because it has the strength of perfect simplicity:—

"They loudly grieved, watched thy last sleep,
To thee with kisses clung;
Naught did I, but, in darkness deep,
My hands in anguish wrung.

"They brought thee flowers to enwreath
Thy form with garlands fair;
I laid my heart thy feet beneath,
Within the tomb's chill air."

We find also in these poems what we rarely find,—the poems of the mother. Every true mother's heart contains a poem, but few of them are born into the world. We are thankful, then, for this mother-poet who has given utterance to the glad song of motherhood with its joy, its tenderly earnest admonition, its noble pride and hope, its self-forgetful love.

"Although my happiness is shattered,
If but thy sun shines clear and fair,
I will forget Time's snowflakes scattered
Too early, whitening my hair.

. . . . . .

"My son, my boy, may Fate thee bringing
What to thy mother is denied,
Aid thee thy flight to summits winging,
Where but the eagle dare abide!
May'st thou then, with silv'ry notes clear ringing,
Laurel and myrtle win by singing!

"Then will I my own lyre lower,
And listen only to thy tone;
The world to wound will have no power,
Avenged shall I be through my son.
Whoe'er the son with bay doth dower
Honors his mother in that hour."

Johanna Ambrosius wrote first of all out of her individual experience. But she would not have been a poet if she could not have transmuted the inner experiences of others into her own. She has that largeness of soul which comprehends everything that is human. She feels the lash on the back of the prisoner, although she may never have seen a prison wall. She feels the shame and anguish of the one who, pure and blameless, in an unguarded moment slips and falls.

"Deep within my heart there is one scar
Which will ache on till I in death am lying,—
The thought that those who so self-righteous are
The child attacked, stoning, and crucifying."

She looks upon life with the large vision which sees the subtle cords that bind the destiny of each with the destiny of all,—that vision which sees the sufferer in the sinner, and through which the word "mercy" bears its truer name of "justice." For it is only required of man that he shall be just. He may not presume to be merciful. That belongs alone to God.

"Some day, to all his children
God will their fate allot;
He only can condemn them,
But thou,—thou mayest not!"

Coupled with the broad human love which possessed this woman's soul we find its natural accompaniment, resolute bravery in her own personal trials. Sometimes there is a note of almost stoical endurance in her song:—

"I urge my life-boat on its way,
Though tempests wild oppose.
Though I were whelmed the tide beneath,

No cry upon the blast
Would warning give of my last breath,
And all would then be past."

But she is far from being a Stoic. She has an unnamed philosophy of life which admits of the highest reason and the tenderest feeling. In the light of the highest reason she accepts her lot; and in the tenderness of her heart she would shed light upon the lot of all. She does not beat her hands against the bars of fate,— not because, despairing, she has learned how futile is all effort, but because she trusts the ultimate purpose in the universe. Poverty, pain and grief are to her the education of life. And she learns her lesson well because she is wise enough to learn it willingly. Her philosophy is perhaps embodied in these lines: —

"Fate has toward you a kind intent,
And you may trust, her sentence waiting;
'Tis only when you grasp the reins
That she begins her bitter hating."

Our poet may well write of lofty resignation, for she has lived it. Though lashed and beaten by the waves of life, her soul is resolved that

"For one fault
No one shall blame me,
I silent bear my woe; the tide
Shall never shame me."

How does the noble silence of this suffering and injured woman put to shame our petty grieving and unreasoning complaints! Doomed to the lot of the lowliest, she was superior to the envy which inspires "hate for those whose lot is more fortunate." She harbored no resentment, neither against man, for she presumed not to judge him, nor against God, for she trusted him. In him she had her refuge, full, complete, from which nothing could separate her.

"To heaven I've raised my cries appealing,
To earth I've pleaded in despair, —
Before the altar's steps, low kneeling,
Have poured forth yearning, ardent prayer.

"'Have pity,' cried I, the woods pacing,
'And cool the pain of this fierce smart,'
The cliff, with slender arms embracing,
I clasped, 'mid weeping, to my heart.

"Thus, my woe consolation mocking,
From place to place I wandered on,
Till in my chamber myself locking,
Found comfort in God's word alone.

"At last the lesson I am learning, —
Grief hallows those who've its path trod;
And though joy's dead past all returning,
Know naught can part me from my God!"

It has been said that "the power to translate intolerable misery into freedom belongs only to the greatest poets and religious teachers. If this be true, then Johanna Ambrosius is one or the other of these, or both. For free she certainly is. Her genius is fettered by no traditions or conventions. She makes her own standards. She is filled with the "spirit of the present," as one writer puts it,— the spirit that lives and breathes, and compels men to listen in such wise that they cannot forget. She is free, because she has attained the mastery of her own spirit. Resignation does not oppress her as it does some of her brother poets, in whose verses, says Hermann Grimm, "echo and re-echo the softly clanking chains which Fate forged for them." Even the loftiness of their souls could not free them from this slavery. But not so with our peasant poet. Above the thraldom of circumstances her soul rises victorious and beautiful, a gracious testimony to the glorious possibilities of the human spirit: —

"I bear a joy, a lofty joy,
Within my heart oft aching;
No fear doth ever it alloy,
When thoughts free flight are taking.

"They flutter like the birds, while swings
Their flight throughout earth gleaming,
And bear upon their dainty wings
The sweetest of all dreaming."

The world must rejoice that Johanna Ambrosius has been rescued from death and poverty by appreciating friends, who sought her out and bestowed their kindness before it was too late. She is but forty-two years of age; yet, writes an American journalist, "she is bent and old, her hair nearly white; her hands, that strike the heart of Germany so true, are knotted and scarred with toil. She has come up out of the valley of the shadow to rest in an undreamed-of paradise. Whether she writes more or not, the world already owes her a debt. Her reward will not be a forgotten grave. The singer, too, was brave, or the song would never have been sung."

LULU CRANSTON HARVEY.
Des Moines, Iowa.

EDITORIAL.

"HAPPY are they whose goodness daily builds anew, in human hearts, faith in humanity and God! — thrice happy, seeing that it is a divine impossibility that they should do this service to their fellow-men, and not at the same time build up, in ever stronger and more glorious fashion, their own sweet and blessed confidence in all mankind and in him who is over all, God blessed forever."—*J. W. Chadwick.*

"A Morning with Holmes." THE bright and vigorous review of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's life, career, achievements, character, religious faith, influence in literature and on contemporary life, which appeared in the January *Unitarian*, bore no name to identify the writer. Many of our readers will re-enjoy the perusal of that article and appreciate its personal flavor when it is recognized as the work of the author of "Kindling Thoughts," Miss Elizabeth P. Channing.

Questions on the Way of Life. WE have had a great many inquiries as to the purpose and probable extent of the series of brief "Questions" which began in the January number. We wish to say that the series arose from the sense of need frequently expressed by Unitarian young people of something to guide them in religion as simply and definitely as the tracts so freely used in the older churches. Something, it was said, "plain, direct, personal, that any of us can understand and that is not all theory and argument."

To meet this demand these questions are being published.

We wish every Sunday-school and every Guild to have some for *use* among the members.

We urge every minister to place them where inquiring visitors may find them in the church porch.

To this end we are taking orders at 10 cents per dozen, or 50 cents per one hundred.

Bible Interpretation. THE great worth of the Bible to all who seek the righteous life is sufficiently proved in history by the strength, inspiration, and comfort it has afforded to whole nations and races of men.

At the present day it is one of the most fascinating and popular objects of genuine study. So much new information regarding its origin, its peculiar construction and growth, its wonderfully inclusive contents as a résumé of the literature of a really great age, has recently been put before the public. Everywhere ministers are preaching sermons reporting their new conceptions and present judgments of the modern Bible. There seems as yet, however, but little real appreciation of the usefulness of our new knowledge, the majority of the ministers in Orthodox pulpits confining themselves to attacks upon the critics, who try to re-interpret the Bible, and to warnings to their people that "there is no stopping-place between its divine infallibility and infidelity," evangelist Moody even going to such extremes as to cry, "I tell you, my friends, when you cut the tale of Jonah from the Bible you cut out God."

It is not difficult, however, to understand the unwillingness of the evangelical preachers to accept the results of scholarship as regards the Bible; for the things which are being rejected are just those artificial accretions of miracle and dogma and superstitious story from which so much of the old theology has been manufactured.

As Unitarians, the new light thrown upon the Bible by modern research gives us only a deeper reverence for the book itself, and a profounder joy in its use; for its divine message of the ever expanding life of holiness, of the ever aspiring and progressing hope in the heart of man, its emphasis upon righteousness, faith, and love, its triumphant and unsurpassable conclusion in the sublime life of Jesus Christ,—all this stands out more clearly than ever, with wider and more emphatic authority when severed from the local error and unenlightened irrationality which inevitably clouded the early faith.

Our present series of articles on the "great chapters of the greatest book" *assume* the best results of criticism, and emphasize the deep religious truths of the Bible that are good for all time.

Ethical Creed. LAST month we printed and commented upon the ethical or life creed of Ian Maclaren. Since then we have received an interesting letter from Dr. Jean Du Buy, of New York, in which he submits the following as a more definite form for the expression of our faith :—

"I take Jesus as my teacher and my example, and will try to impart to others the life that he planted on earth.

"I believe that an invisible Father is constantly present with me and every other human being. And I believe that we ought to live as children of this invisible Father, like little children in our relation toward him, and like brothers and sisters in our relations toward our fellow-men. In order to accomplish this I will constantly fight the selfish tendencies of my human nature, and will trust in the invisible Father for help.

"Such a life, I trust, will give me peace and cheerfulness, will contribute to establishing on earth the kingship of the invisible Father, and will secure me after death everlasting life."

We call attention to the article on another page by Rev. Albert Walkley, which gives an interesting view of the religious attitude of Ian Maclaren.

The English Church. A GREAT deal of discussion has appeared in the English press since the appointment of Bishop Temple to the Primacy as to whether at his advanced age the once progressive and radical bishop would attempt any far-reaching reforms.

The three most pressing evils in the present administration of the Church, disregarding the whole question of the Church's endowment by the State, may be summed up under the heads :—

1. Sale of livings.
2. Powers of congregations.
3. Qualifications of clergy.

(1.) The continued public sale of the power of appointment to comfortably salaried vicarages is an astounding disgrace. Yet we are told the practice is growing ; and a large number, something like one in every fifteen of all the established churches, are perpetually being bought and sold. A writer in the *Spectator*, January 9, refers to a valuable living in the south of England just disposed of in this way, and states that not more than one benefice in ten is given purely on grounds of merit.

(2.) The question of how much influence the congregation should have in the choice of incumbents is a startling one when we learn that the wishes of the parishioners are not a factor in the appointment of ministers nor in the extent or manner of ritualistic services.

(3.) As to the qualifications of ministers, it is a scandal, with some historic precedent, that men absolutely inefficient occupy under the present patronage system prominent and important positions.

The *Leeds Mercury* is authority for saying that the new Archbishop of Canterbury has pledged himself to bring about a reform in this last particular if not in the others.

Christian Contempt. IT is a strange comment upon the gentle spirit of Christianity that so much missionary effort arouses antagonism among the unconverted races because of the contemptuous treatment with which many so-called Christians treat the ancient customs of all other religious sects.

The *Open Court* has a wise word of advice to missionaries on this subject :—

"Missionaries do not only unnecessarily offend the pagans by showing a contempt for their persons, their religion, their morals, their nationality, but also require of their converts a surrender of habits and customs which they cannot give up without cutting themselves loose from their traditions, which necessarily and naturally have become most sacred to them. If missionaries in China cannot find a *modus vivendi* for converts by which they can preserve their hallowed family relations and continue to hold their ancestors dear, we cannot blame the Chinese government for regarding Christian missionaries as a public nuisance. We respect the Saxon chief who, on hearing that all his ancestors were in hell, withdrew from the baptismal font and preferred eternal damnation with his fathers to the bliss of the Christian heaven in the company of Christian saints and martyrs. Missionarising should not cease, but should be raised to a higher level. It should be done in brotherly love, not with contempt or in a spirit of pharisaic self-conceit."

The Positivists. THE followers of Comte do not increase; still there are enough who hold to the principles of Positivism to warrant Mr. Frederic Harrison in issuing to them a New Year's address. In this address he mourns the acknowledged fact that there is a new type of popular religious enthusiasm, although he declares it is "a return to a weak solution of attenuated theology." Mr. Harrison forgets that there is strength in simplicity, and that to return to the essentials of religious faith and take hold upon the few real truths of eternal life is not to "attenuate" but to intensify belief. The very fact that he recognizes and associates with this change a new "enthusiasm" is evidence that the change does not indicate weakness, but rather new life. To the Positivist attitude of mind we can conceive no possibility of enthusiasm. Mere "acquiescence in an observed succession of events" has no thrill of inspiration in it for us.

It is evident that the new revival of religion, even from Mr. Harrison's own declaration, is not a revival of Positivism. Men will continue to look upward, and "to feel after God, if haply they may find Him" even in their ignorance and through their superstitions, rather than to surrender all significance of life to a causeless "succession of events."

Origin of Religion. A VALUABLE contribution to the study of early religions has appeared in a book by Dr. F. B. Jevons, a Fellow of the University of Durham, England, entitled "An Introduction to the History of Religion." The oft discussed origin of religion is very fully considered and much new information given from elaborate gathering of historical evidence.

Dr. Jevons's conclusion seems to be that neither ancestor worship, nor totemism, nor magic, nor the ghost theory, nor the inventiveness of priests, nor supernatural revelation, accounts for the beginning of religious emotion. He says: —

"We may therefore safely infer that, from the beginning, man not only recognized his dependence on a personal and supernatural will, but that he found a peculiar happiness in the recognition. To put it in another way: as the laws of nature were in existence and in operation long before they were formulated by man, so before the truth was formulated that God is Love, his love was toward all his creatures; and, as even primitive man acted on the conviction that nature is uniform, so his heart responded with love to the divine love, though he may have reasoned little or not at all on either point.

"But the divine personality impresses itself unequally on different minds, and it is to those most impressed by it that religious progress is due; to them monotheism was disclosed, the divine personality was in their own belief revealed; and we cannot maintain it to be impossible or even improbable that such revelation may have been made even to primitive man."

That is to say, religion is an immediate consciousness of certain facts, the facts of man's real relationship to the divine.

Church Federation. IN New York City about one hundred churches have joined in an organized federation. The first business to which the federation set itself was toward securing a careful and accurate canvass of the city.

"New York City, as a whole, has fewer churches in proportion to its population than any other city in the United States. The proportion is one church for every 2,837 people, in Chicago it is one for every 2,199, in Brooklyn one for every 2,105, in Philadelphia one for every 1,576.

"As the result of its investigations and the conditions which they disclose the federation has a number of important recommendations and suggestions to make. For meeting the religious needs of the people of the tenement regions, it is recommended that each church in these localities charge itself perpetually with the oversight of a block or more, knowing the condition of every home, and inviting the people out of church in the name of all the churches of the district to connect themselves with the church, her sympathies, and services. As one means for improving the social status of the people, it is urged that some class of institutions be provided to take the place of the saloon as a social resort. The ideal here, as suggested by the federation, is an institution whose rooms could be used for kindergartens during the morning, for a day nursery, for local headquarters for the vari-

ous charities of the city, directly co-operant with neighboring churches and with libraries of the city, with class-rooms for music, domestic economy, with smoking-rooms, reading-rooms, assembly-rooms, etc."

Orthodoxy's Bulwarks. SOME one has aroused the *Congregationalist* by the reiteration of the cry that liberalism has captured the Congregational Church. To meet this charge the *Congregationalist* declares that the three essential bulwarks of orthodoxy remain impregnable. They are :—

1. The divinity of Christ.
2. The vicarious atonement.
3. Eternal punishment.

Of each of these doctrinal essentials it is affirmed :—

1. Belief in the divinity of Christ was never stronger than to-day. "We do not attempt to define the Trinity, but we believe in the only begotten of the Father as the 'word' that was God and became flesh."

2. "Jesus Christ is the only mediator between God and man, he died for our sins, and rose again for our justification."

3. We do not call retribution for sins damnation, "for the doom of the impenitent is beyond comprehension, but we do not believe that sinners who reject Christ are going to heaven."

This is much milder language than a similar attack ten years ago would have called forth. In our opinion it is good proof that liberalism has scaled the walls and is engaged in establishing itself in the enemies' old quarters. That happy consummation is not however complete and the exact arrangements for the occupation are hardly yet satisfactorily formed.

Church Frivolities. IS THE "show" the only means by which religious societies can support themselves? This inquiry is made the subject of a year's statistics and some vigorous comment by Rev. W. Bayard Hale in a recent magazine article. He gives an astounding list of church entertainments including such titles as: "A Blackbird Ballet," "An Ankle Auction," "A Poker Party," "The Sacred Female Minstrels," and hundreds of others, some amusing, some silly, some vulgar.

Mr. Hale's inferences from all this material do not seem very reasonable however, for he has so condensed and concentrated his report and his attention that it is made to appear as though all these churches spent all their spare energy and time in perpetrating these amusements, whereas probably but an evening of the whole year, with a few hours of preparation, was devoted in each society to this end. It is also probable that few of the entertainments described were actually given for the real support of any church, but rather for charitable enterprises in which the churches are engaged, and for which they give their willing services.

The New Year Book. THE A.U.A. Year Book for 1897 begins with a most encouraging preface from the secretary, who says "The Unitarian Church of America has to-day one eminent advantage. It is more nearly a unit in spirit, purpose, and belief than any other religious body in the world.

"As a Church we go forward with the assurance of an increasing number of friends and co-workers. The drifting of the Christian Church toward liberal interpretations of Christianity has opened a clear space between those who have left the ancient moorings and those who have not. We have a message and a duty which lay upon us severe and honorable responsibilities."

The contents of the neatly printed and convenient pamphlet are similar to previous issues. Much valuable information is to be found within it, and we recommend every interested Unitarian to send for a copy to the A.U.A. rooms at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Price 20 cents.

We suggest that even more useful statistics might be incorporated in this Year Book. Especially we fail to find any statement of the number of our churches, or even of the new churches added since the last issue, or of the number of our ministers. There is no indication which of the names of ministers are new this year. We should also like to see the name and address of the chairman of Parish Committee for each church, and the *address* of the minister, as well as the hour of service and the hymn book in use. Why could not a full list of Sunday-schools and secretaries' addresses also be given us?

We notice that all this additional information is furnished by the English Unitarian Year Book.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

The Birds of Bethlehem.

I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring,—
Their voice was sweeter than the priests';
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

They clung and sung on the swinging chain
High in the dim and incensed air;
The priests, with repetitions vain,
Chanted a never-ending prayer.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
But voice of bird was most to me;
It had no ritual, no word,
And yet it sounded true and free.

I thought child Jesus, were he there,
Would like the singing birds the best,
And clutch his little hands in air
And smile upon his mother's breast.

—*R. W. Gilder.*

Monday.

Small Things.

A grain of corn is very small,
'Tis scarcely anything at all;
But sow a handful of them wide,
And you will reap, at harvest-tide,
A plenteous heap of ripened gold,
More than your joyful arms can hold.

A trifling kindness here and there
Is but a simple, small affair;
Yet, if your life has sown them free,
Wide shall your happy harvest be,
Of friends, of love, of sweet good-will,
That still renews, and gladdens still.

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

Tuesday.

"All my Springs Are in Thee."

Unless 'tis fed from the Fountain,
The River will soon run dry.
And is that hid in the mountain?
Yes—no; 'tis hid in the sky!

Our life is a gift; and the Giver
Can withhold Himself from none;
The Fount gives itself to the River,—
The Fount and the Stream are one.

—*Charles Gordon Ames.*

Wednesday.

"Love thyself Last."

Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far and find the stranger
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;
Go lend a hand, and lead him out of danger,
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit.
To see, to hear, to know, and understand.
The message of the stars lo! thou shalt hear it,
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed.
Go follow it in spirit and in letter.
This is the true religion which men need.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Thursday.

Show us the Way.

Send thou a guide unto us, Lord:
We falter and we go astray.
Give us, we pray, the fire by night,
The cloudy pillar for the day.

We stumble in this maddening maze:
Send clearer light, open our eyes.
Bewildered by life's mystery,
We peer into the silent skies.

Open the heavens, O Lord, and show
A shining way before our feet!
Make us to walk therein, and know
The perfect life in thine complete.

—*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

Friday.

Our Christ.

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe!

We look to Thee: Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, Thou art still the Life: Thou art the Way,
The holiest know,—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

—*Theodore Parker.*

Saturday

His Presence.

The Lord is come! In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part;
In every land where Right is Might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light;
In every church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above,
In every holy, happy home,—
We thank thee, Lord, that thou art come!
—*A. P. Stanley.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A great help for Sunday-school workers has just been issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. This is a little manual prepared by Rev. John W. Chadwick, entitled, "Questions on the Old Testament Books in their right Order." There are 455 questions and answers relating to the original contents, literary form, and rank of the books of the Old Testament. This is compressed modern scholarship on the subject. Not only will this book be of value in the Sunday-schools, but it will prove also a handy reference resource, for ministers and others, who wish to have quickly available the accurate facts. Mr. Chadwick is not only qualified by study to do such a work, but the results have been indorsed by Prof. C. H. Toy, and the subject-matter has passed under his eye. Bound in paper covers. Price, 20 cents single copy; or $1.80 a dozen.

I am often asked to suggest inexpensive publications from which teachers can derive benefit; that is, books of advice and suggestions. Accordingly, I give the following titles. Of course, the great book, most comprehensive, is by Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, entitled, "Yale Lectures on the Sunday School." Price, $1.50. This is well known and most admirable. But these I now mention relate to particular topics, and are much cheaper: "Practical Hints for Sunday-school Teachers," by Henry Rawlins. This is a little book of 83 pages, bound in paper covers, a London publication. Price, 20 cents net, postage extra, which would be about 3 cents. Another book, especially adapted to the needs of the Primary teachers, is "The Point of Contact in Teaching," by Patterson Du Bois; a book bound in muslin, of 88 pages. Price, 60 cents. "The Teacher's Conscience" is a very small pamphlet of 8 pages, by President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard College, being an address delivered by him before some convention. This sells for 5 cents a copy. "The Sunday School," by Rev. James Vila Blake, is a careful study of the ways and means of developing the Sunday-school and raising it to its best estate. Pages 62. Price, 15 cents. "Teachers' Meetings: Their Necessity and Methods," is a book by Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, issued in firm covers. Pages 60. Price, 30 cents. The Unitarian Sunday School Society besides furnishing the above at the prices named has 100 or 200 copies left of a little pamphlet entitled "Sunday School Teaching." This is made up of four lecture talks by Rev. S. H. Winkley, and was printed some years ago. Not being electrotyped, no more copies can be furnished. The edition was originally printed for free circulation, and the remaining copies can be had free in small quantities on application.

The current leaflet lessons in the one-topic, three-grade course, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, are now ready for February. The subjects are: "Review," "Our Oldest Hymn Book," "Songs of Trust," "Songs of Nature." The Primary grade, which is on a four-page leaflet (illustrated), is prepared by Rev. Albert Walkley. The Intermediate, by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The Intermediate and Advanced grades are printed together on a four-page leaflet. Price, 50 cents a hundred leaflets.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society will not issue a new Easter Service this year, but will offer the reprints of the popular services used before,—namely, 1891, 1893, and 1894. Price, 5 cents a copy; or $4.00 a hundred.

The Boston Sunday School Union is going forward this season with as great success as ever. The benefit derived from such an organization can hardly be overestimated. Its sessions, so largely attended, yield information and enthusiasm. Some of the subjects treated this winter have been: "Adults in the Sunday-school and Children in the Church"; "The Value of the Sunday-school Library in the Ethical Training of Children"; "Kindergarten Principles as Applied to Sunday-school Work"; "Paid Service in the Sunday-schools"; "How to Get Teachers"; "A Normal Class for Sunday-school Teachers." As a help to other similar organizations it may be well to mention some of the topics used last season: "Ethical Instruction of Children"; "Essentials in Sunday-school Administration"; "Essentials in Sunday-school Instruction"; "New Features in Our Sunday-school Work" (this was treated by twelve speakers in five-minute talks each); "The Secret of Success in Sunday-school Work"; "The Mutual Relation of the Minister and the Sunday-school."

One of the largest Sunday-schools in our denomination, which is distinctly a parish Sunday-school, not a mission one, is in Hud-

son, Mass. I have received a report of its annual meeting which took place recently. It contains 17 officers, 17 teachers, 362 scholars, a total of 396. Fifty sessions of the school were held last year. The treasurer's report is significant. Total receipts for the past year were $433.61; disbursements, $337.67, leaving a balance of $95.94. There is a very large Primary department at one end and a promising class for young people at the other end, so that the school is well balanced. The New Song and Service Book, issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, has been adopted and found to be of great help. Mr. Caleb L. Brigham, the superintendent, is an indefatigable worker. He, with Rev. J. M. Wilson, pastor of the parish and president of the Sunday-school, are inspiring sources for all the other officers. There are many other Unitarian Sunday-schools worthy of mention, but I have called attention to this particular one because I know that it is not only large but most excellent in its grade of work, and this total result of success has been attained by faithful labors long continued and unflagging. No doubt Mr. Brigham would be glad to answer any questions as to the methods employed in this school, which have been found satisfactory. It would be a good thing if our various Sunday-school workers corresponded with each other, to ascertain what has been most successful in others' experiences.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

[The president of the Y.P.R.U. is responsible for this column. All communications and matters relative to it should be sent to Miss E. R. Ross, Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

The Union closed the year 1896 with all bills paid and a small balance in the treasury. About fifty societies are enrolled and a goodly number of others promised as soon as a fee can be collected. The members are working with a deep earnestness, not only in their own local unions but to awaken an interest in other localities. The general office is finding a ready response to its call for speakers to stimulate organizations already existing or to form new ones.

So far as known, Chelsea, Mass., is the first place to form a Junior Young People's Union. This will be in charge of a committee of the regular union, but the work is to be done by the children themselves, whose ages range from eight to fifteen. This is a very important step and the unions may well regard this as the best work at hand in many cases. In several cases union meetings at hospitals or outlying districts have been arranged with the young people's societies of the evangelical churches. Several unions are carrying on the Sunday morning service while their churches are without pastors.

An important rally is to be held in Boston at the Second Church, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, about the middle of February, when a new, brief collection of hymns with a few services, prepared for the Union, may be used. Every rally held thus far has meant several new unions.

The central office has in preparation large display cards with the Cardinal Principles and mottoes of the Union, suitable to hang on chapel walls. These can be had for a few cents and are a fine object lesson. The office will send two forms of the principles with scriptural or poetical quotations on small cards, free, in quantity to applicants, also constitutions, suggestions for organizing, etc., and tracts on the national topics as announced each week in the *Christian Register*.

With so much of encouragement, the Union has still much to regret in that Rev. L. W. Sprague, its indefatigable agent, has found it necessary to resign that position, that he may devote his whole time to the work at the Church of the Unity. This resignation took effect at the beginning of the year. The directors at their last meeting passed the following: "Voted: that the thanks of the directors of the Young People's Religious Union be extended to Mr. Sprague, our retiring agent, for the energetic and efficient work he has accomplished while in the office."

It was found impossible to choose a successor without further deliberation, and for the present, Mr. Reccord, the treasurer, will take charge of the rally meetings, Mr. Van Ness of the publications, Mr. Horton act as counsellor, and Miss Ross be retained in the office.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE.—A meeting was held Friday, January 8, at All Soul's Church, New York, with an attendance of nearly two hundred, Mrs. Emma C. Low presiding. After the reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted, a letter from the Passaic Alliance thanking the League for its gift to their building fund was presented, $51 having been raised by collection for them at the last League meeting.

Mrs. Smallwood, in behalf of the Religious News Committee, gave a most interesting summary of our denominational news.

The subject for the day was "Child Study,—Modern Methods and Results." Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper gave the first paper on the Modern Methods,—and in fact she claimed there were no other. Only since men have been willing to apply the patient methods of scientific investigation to the development of a child's mind have we had any real child study.

Mrs. Felix Adler was then introduced. She deprecated the fact that women have allowed men to do most of the investigation in child study, when they could have done it, surely, in a more sympathetic and satisfactory manner. At Clarke University, to her, the child is treated like a pathological study in a clinic. There is lacking tender mother nature. The work done by specialists and teachers could not equal in real value that done by an intelligent mother in the home.

Children are imitative, and also painfully conservative: they hate to differ from their fellows. Hence the schools quickly assimilate our little foreigners, and they carry the civilization to their homes. During the period of adolescence, when a child is born again, he particularly needs the care and watchfulness of his parents, who should ever be his confidants, and keep high ideals before him. All of this watchfulness is full of difficulty, but surely it has its reward.

Mrs. Charles N. Chadwick followed with a third paper, in which she dwelt particularly on the moral training of the child. She felt the mental and moral atmosphere which surround a child to be as potent a factor in his development as the physical air is to his bodily welfare. What can one expect of children in a home where all is restlessness and excitement? Even educational circles are filled with this feverish unrest. We want to pull our children up to our plane, instead of allowing them to push themselves and take their own time.

This restlessness is not to be condemned; but we must seek to steady ourselves so that our own force shall not be dissipated. If parents only realized how the mentality of their children is interfered with by this restlessness!

"Give the higher life the higher place. Believe in your highest self at your best. Nourish this as an altar fire, this something in you that is not satisfied with anything short of your best,—all this for your children's sake; for we influence our children, not by what we say or do, but by what we *are*."

After the hymn and the Lord's Prayer the meeting adjourned, and a social hour was spent over the coffee cups before we returned to our homes to put into practice the high principles our hearts had already accepted.

ALICE P. JACKSON,
Rec. Sec'y.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

"The bill prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors in the Capitol and on the Capitol grounds went through the House by such an overwhelming majority that it was quite evident that the members had made progress in recent years in their judgment of the propriety of combining the liquor traffic and legislation in the same building. Before the war such a proposition would not only have been defeated, but it would have been regarded as an attempted outrage upon the rights and comforts of statesmen. In those free and easy days the liquor exchange in the National Capitol was, perhaps, the most popular resort in the whole edifice, and the results of this state of things were much more in evidence than they have been in recent years.

New York is greatly interested in the enforcement of the Raines Liquor Law, from which so much has been expected.

At present, the law is working poorly, on account of the interpretation put upon certain of its provisions by the courts and the grand jury.

The courts are permitting "an indefinitely small amount of food to be considered a meal, and an indefinitely large amount of liquor to be sold with it. They have permitted every one who slipped in from the street and ordered one of these meals to be considered a guest, and they have permitted every saloon which anywhere had ten spaces for beds partitioned off to be considered a hotel."

The grand jury has also been very liberal in its interpretation of the law, so that Sunday selling at the so-called "hotels" goes on very freely. The *Outlook* doubts whether, under existing public opinion, it is possible to oblige the courts to give just and rational interpretations of such laws, no matter how wisely and carefully they may be framed. It says, "The real difficulty is a public sentiment which corrupts judges and juries and prosecuting attorneys, who seem, in many cases, more anxious to set the law aside than to enforce it."

One of the principle causes for the defeat of the woman's suffrage amendment in California, recently before the people, was the active opposition of the liquor interest. A correspondent of the *Outlook* points out that the two counties, Los Angeles and San Diego, where are situated the two largest cities next to San Francisco, gave majorities of 3,596 and 2,717 respectively, for the amendment. The amendment would have been carried, had it not been for the large adverse majority in San Francisco and Oakland, where the liquor influence is exceedingly strong.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

BOOKS.

Autobiography of Adin Ballou.—This is a remarkable book of a remarkable man. A farmer's boy of Cumberland, R.I., born in the beginning of this century in a town where there were no public schools at that time, he had but the scantiest opportunities of an education, and his whole school life probably did not occupy more than two full years. But he had an intense desire for knowledge; he read with eagerness whatever books chanced to fall in his way, and was known as a bright, intelligent lad in the neighborhood.

He belonged to a deeply religious family, both parents being members of a church of the Christian connection of which the father was a deacon and with which the son united when but twelve years of age. Working on his father's farm or in the factory, a constant attendant on the Sunday worship in "the old Ballou meeting-house," with a term at some private school now and then when he could be spared, and always hungering and thirsting for a better education, such were the years of his youth,—a hard, cramped, humble life, yet animated by a high ambition for moral worth and usefulness.

When about seventeen years of age, in a vision of the night, he saw the form of an elder brother, who had died five years before, and heard his voice commanding him in God's name to preach the gospel. He was deeply impressed by what he had seen and heard, and, believing it a veritable call from God, much against his previous inclination and choice, he began preparing for the work of the ministry. He had no other helps than those of a patient, tireless study of the Bible and the few books within his reach, and occasional intercourse with the migratory clergy of that period, among whom was the eccentric Lorenzo Dow who counselled him "always to take plenty of elbow room." In the old ancestral meeting-house of the neighborhood, built in 1751 and still standing unchanged, he preached his first sermon to a crowd of admiring friends, then barely eighteen years of age. It was the beginning of an active ministry that extended over a period of nearly seventy years, and up to within a few months of his death.

His last sermon was preached on Nov. 3, 1889, at Hopedale in his old church where he had ministered for forty-seven years. What a record we have here of unceasing toil in writing, lecturing, attending funerals (of which he records above twenty-six hundred, and of weddings twelve hundred), editing a weekly newspaper for thirty years, publishing great numbers of sermons, holding many public discussions with opponents upon questions of theology and moral reform, pursuing historical and genealogical researches that required vast time and patience, holding two preaching services on Sunday and often a third that involved a ride of many miles to some lonely neighborhood gathered in a schoolhouse! Such was his untiring devotion to his work through all these years, seldom or never taking a vacation or denying any call for ministerial service however distant or exacting.

On a salary, at first, of $350 or $400, pieced out by teaching a district school in winter or a private school in his own house, he supported his family, published his paper, books, and sermons, maintained a generous hospitality, and aided many a worthy cause.

Mr. Ballou early left the Christian connection, and entered the fellowship of the Universalist denomination, from which he was soon ejected on account of his forming and leading a party in that Church who called themselves Restorationists, believing in the final salvation of all only through future discipline and purification. He was soon invited to the Unitarian Church at Mendon, where he had a fruitful ministry of eleven years. Here he was foremost in leading the temperance reform, lecturing in the schoolhouses, and organizing temperance societies. Here, also, he espoused the anti-slavery cause, and rendered grand service in its behalf in that portion of the State, alienating many of his parishioners, but drawing to his support new and steadfast friends.

In 1842 he left Mendon to found a community at Hopedale on principles of Christian socialism, which to him were simply the ideas and the spirit of Jesus as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount. To reconstruct society on the basis of a pure, practical Christianity, applying it strictly to social, business, political, and church life, was the dearest hope of his heart. For this he labored and prayed to the end, and for this he gave in his will a great part of all the savings of his life. It has been appropriated by his noble daughters to founding the Adin Ballou lectureship on Christian Sociology in the Meadville Theological School,—a gift of $16,000.

The community organization, after twenty years of fairly prosperous existence, was declared a failure, and dissolved, a bitter disappointment to him; but it never shook his faith in its principles as the only sound basis for society, the State, and the Church.

We have in this book the story of a truly noble life. It is edited by his son-in-law, Rev. W. S. Heywood, whose work has been done with loving care. It is on sale at the Unitarian rooms, 25 Beacon Street.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Grandma says (though I don't see why)
That I am the apple of her eye;
Brother calls me a dunce; Aunt Fan
Says she thinks I'm a little man;
Father says I'm a reg'lar boy,
And mother calls me her pride 'n' joy.

Now this is what I would like to know:
How in the world can a fellow grow
Who's a pride 'n' joy, an apple, a dunce,
A reg'lar boy, and a man, at once?
—*Anna M. Pratt in the Youth's Companion.*

UP IN ALASKA.

Up in Alaska there is a school where the young Eskimos are taught how to care for and raise the reindeer. Their teachers are Laplanders. Each herd of reindeer has a Laplander with a dog in charge. The dog is somewhat like our collies. These Lapland dogs have no tails. The reindeer furnishes milk and cheese to the Eskimos, and its skin provides them with clothing and shoes. The reindeer earn money for the Eskimos by becoming beasts of burden, and transporting goods from one place to another. The reindeer was introduced into Alaska by the United States Government, in order to help the people to better modes of living. In Central and Arctic Alaska there are mines, and the question of the transportation of the output of these mines from one point to another, and of supplies, is a very important one. Last winter was a very severe winter, and in these mining camps so many dogs died that the most ordinary dog costs two hundred dollars. Dogs are the only animals that the Eskimos have for carrying. A reindeer has the hauling power of six dogs; he needs no provision; he lives on the dry moss and grass of the country through which he is travelling. With the dog teams, one team is required to transport the goods—the pack team it is called—and a second team must transport the food for the dogs; so that the cost of the care of the dog is very much greater than the cost of the care of the reindeer. The Government is making an effort this summer to get a herd of reindeer to each of the mining camps. It is said that in Alaska there is pasturage for nine millions of reindeer. From Lapland and the northern part of Norway last year there were shipped into Europe thousands of reindeer hams and tongues, and in Norway there are canning factories which put up reindeer meat as beef is canned in this country. In the schools in Alaska the native pupils are taught how to use the resources of their own country, and are also taught to read and write, and they are taught arithmetic; the teachers say that they are really quite intelligent when one remembers how little opportunity for education has ever been given to the native of Alaska.—*Outlook.*

THE DEAD DOLL.

You need not be trying to comfort me, I tell you
my dolly is dead;
There's no use saying she isn't, with a crack like
that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to
have my tooth out that day,
And then when the man 'most pulled my head
off, you hadn't a word to say.

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was
playing out in the yard—
She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon
for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde
saw me do it,
And I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't
believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it, now; and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her
head broke, too.
Oh, my dolly, my little baby! I wish my head
had been hit;
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked
a bit.

But, since the darling is dead, she'll want to be
buried, of course.
We will take my little wagon, nurse, and you
shall be the horse,
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her
in this, you see,—
This dear little box,—and we'll bury her, then,
under the maple tree.

And papa will make her a tombstone, like the one
he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it,—yes, every
single word.
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful
doll who is dead:
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack
in her head."

—*Home Queen.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Rev. Erastus B. Cake, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

D. M. WILSON, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The annual supper, social, and parish meeting at the Unitarian church recently was an unusually interesting occasion. The dining-room was most tastefully furnished and decorated. Just one hundred persons sat down to the tables. Several guests from a distance were present, among them Rev. Mr. Hall of Washington, D.C., brother of Prof. Hall of the Astronomical Observatory, and Mrs. Butler and daughter of Frankfort. After supper there was some fine music by the church quartet and an hour of speaking. Prof. Pettee was master of ceremonies. The chairman of the board of trustees made a short report as to the business condition of the society. Mrs. Walter Whitlark, secretary of the Ladies' Union, and Miss Charlotte Bullis, president of the King's Daughters, told of the excellent work done by those two organizations during the past year, and Miss Helen Georg of the help rendered by young ladies in the society to the city sewing school for poor children. Dr. Zimmerman, president of Unity Club, reported for that popular institution, and A. L. Alexander told of the work being done in the Sunday-school and of a plan in contemplation for the possible establishment of Saturday afternoon classes for instruction of the children in singing, drawing, and clay modelling. Mr. Sunderland was appointed to convey to Rev. J. C. Kimball of Hartford, Conn., who supplied the pulpit last year during the pastor's absence, the greetings of the society and expressions of their very warm regard.

Then came two surprises. The first was the presentation by the pastor of souvenirs of his travels in the form of canes to the officers of the society. These canes, which were finely carved, he had brought from Greece and the Orient. They were presented as an expression of his appreciation of the kindness of the society in granting him a leave of absence for a year of travel and study abroad. Canes from Damascus covered with a kind of carving peculiar to that city were presented to Profs. Pettee and Greene, Judge Harriman, Messrs. Allen and Whitlark, and Mrs. Finney and Mrs. Motley; canes from Greece with finely carved horses' heads to Messrs. Bullis and Childs, and a curiously carved and painted cane from the Himalaya Mountains in India to Dr. Zimmermann. Mr. Sunderland's presentation speech contained many humorous allusions to incidents and experiences connected with the canes. The second surprise was a very complete turning of the tables on the pastor. The trustees of the church having discovered the interesting fact that Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland had just past the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage had determined to celebrate the event, which they proceeded to do at this time by presenting to the pastor and his wife a very beautiful silver soup tureen with a gold-lined soup ladle. The presentation address, which was made by Prof. Pettee, was in that gentleman's best vein; and, while it sparkled with humor, was a very warm and touching expression of the high regard in which Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland are held by the society and of the society's appreciation of the devoted and able work which they have done for the Unitarian cause and for the moral and religious life of the community and the university during their eighteen years of life and labor in Ann Arbor. The meeting broke up with the feeling on the part of all that the occasion was the most interesting and memorable annual gathering that the church had ever enjoyed.

Athol, Mass.—*The Second Unitarian Society:* The annual fair held the 10th and 11th of December was a decided success.

It took the form of a Literary Carnival, and was unique and effective.

The quaint "House of Seven Gables," where poor old Hepzibah and rosy-cheeked Phebe sold striped sticks of candy, gingerbread animals, besides articles too numerous to mention, looked as if it had stepped out of Hawthorne's romance. The "Knickerbocker," where comely young Dutch (?) matrons dispensed useful articles, also served a lunch of Frankfort sausage, doughnuts, Dutch cheese and cocoa. "Over the Tea Cups" was a delightful resting-place, where refreshing tea was served, and the benign countenance of Oliver Wendell Holmes beamed from its frame on the wall. "Snow-Bound," glittering with ice and snow, was a tempting place, with its ice cream. "Mother Goose," a perfect wonderland to the little people, was presided over by the dear old Mother Goose herself, and young girls who sang her melodies very sweetly. "Rose in Bloom," a veritable bower of roses, covered delicious confectionery, weighed out by "The Merry Twenty," a band of girls that Louisa M. Alcott, that friend of girls, would have taken to her heart. *Harper's Bazar*, "A Symphony in Lavender," where artistic needle-work and paintings made a lovely display. "The Old Curiosity Shop," gotten up by the young men, was a fine and large collection of relics that were of great local interest, a museum in themselves. Last, but not least, was "The Wayside Inn," where hungry visitors sat down to hot turkey and other good things. The net receipts of the fair were about four hundred dollars. The Sunday-school held one of the finest concerts it ever gave the Sunday after Christmas.

The little people gave a finely-rendered cantata New Year's night as an opening to their annual party.

The vesper services held the first Sunday in the month are very popular, as the well-filled church testifies.

The society now has a well-organized Branch of the Woman's Alliance, meeting the first Thursday in the month.

A Current Events Club, in connection with the Alliance, meets fortnightly.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd held its annual meeting the second Tuesday in January. After the election of officers and transaction of other business, a social time was enjoyed and refreshments served.

Bangor, Me.—Not long ago the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association invited the ministers of Bangor to preach upon "The Uses of Boys." Mr. Beach complied with the request, and took for his texts the following passages: "And she cast the child under one of the shrubs"; "And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child." As will readily be seen, these two children, Ishmael and Samuel, were made to represent two different types of boys,—the latter carefully nurtured and reared, the former wholly neglected and untrained. The Alliance is making arrangements for the publication of one of Mr. Beach's sermons. This is done partly for use in the Post-office Mission work. The Post-office Mission have just sent a box to Costigan, Me., in response to a request from a correspondent, who is herself a kind of home missionary among the young of that village. The Young People's Union have co-operated with the Alliance in this matter, the contents of the box, pictures, books, and pamphlets, being especially intended for the young people between the ages of eight and sixteen. The Young People's Union have a most interesting programme for the year ending next June. The topics are varied.

Battle Creek, Mich.—When the last division of the Independent Congregational Church Christmas train arrived the tables were spread in true Christian style, "packed down and running over," while the invitation to "come and dine" was sent out into all the highways and by-ways to all the children of the poor, regardless of race, color, or previous denominational affiliation,—religious or irreligious,—and they came, to the number of one hundred and fifty. The church parlors were converted into one large dining hall, with tables covered with snowy linen, and groaning under their burden of chicken-pie and all the usual delectable accessories. It was indeed a pleasing yet sorrowful sight, these little ones, poorly clad, with features in many instances pinched with hunger and suffering, feasting their eyes upon the display of good things, and at the same time stowing them away beneath their waist-bands. They were then invited to go upstairs, where a Christmas-tree had been filled with pretty and useful gifts, while tables near by were laden with packages. A half-pound box of candy and a Christmas present were given to each one; and, after a stereopticon lantern exhibition, they went home, out into the street, or God knows where, having had such a Christmas feast as few of them had ever enjoyed before. A number of tramps came also and were not turned away. This is an exhibition of true Christian philanthropy, and one worthy of emulation.

At a recent service the following eight persons were taken into the membership of the church, making the even fifty names that have been received since October 1: George O. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Burt, Charles H. Giles, Miss Zella Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Hill, and Milton H. Noble.

Bernardston, Mass. — The Unitarian Sabbath-school celebrated Christmas on Christmas Eve at the church parlors with music, recitations, and a tree well filled with gifts for all the younger children, and all present were remembered, the minister's family receiving quite a number of useful gifts, after which refreshments were served, and all present passed a very social and pleasant evening.

By special request Rev. Mr. Birks preached on Christmas Day at All Soul's Church, in Greenfield, to an appreciative audience. The Sabbath following an appropriate service was held at the Unitarian church, with a sermon by the pastor and selections from the choir. The Young People's Fraternity now numbers over fifty, and their meetings are held every Sabbath evening conducted almost entirely by the members. A social gathering is held once in two weeks on Friday evening, consisting of a drama or some simple amusement, for which a small admittance fee is requested.

Bernardston is very fortunate in having a fund devoted to a free lecture course, and Rev. Mr. Birks was invited to occupy one evening, which he did by giving a very interesting lecture upon the life and poems of Longfellow.

Beverly, Mass.—The First Church has extended a unanimous call to Rev. B. R. Bulkeley to become its minister. Mr. Bulkeley is now in charge of Unity Church, Chicago.

Brockton, Mass.—The third monthly meeting of the Unitarian Club of Brockton and vicinity was held in the vestry of the Unity Church, Thursday evening, January 21. The musical entertainment was furnished by the American mandolin and guitar students of this city. The address of the evening was by Rev. James DeNormandie of the Roxbury Unitarian Church, on the subject, "Jefferson."

It is urgently requested that all members of the club who can should avail themselves of its privileges, in order that the meetings may be a success.

Chelsea, Mass.— At a special meeting held December 11, the Social Circle of the First Unitarian Church voted to unite with the Chelsea Branch of the Woman's National Alliance. Under the auspices of the Alliance, Rev. W. H. Lyon lectured Tuesday, January 19, on "Salem Witchcraft"; and under the auspices of the same organization a supper was given in the vestry January 26. The Cheerful Letter Club gave its first social and entertainment on January 16, its special features being a bright farce, character songs, and tableaux.

Chicago, Ill.—*First Church:* The first of a course of lectures on the general topic, "Six Leaders in Christianity," was delivered Sunday evening, January 10, by Mr. Fenn. The lectures will be given on successive Sunday evenings, the last one occurring February 14. The subjects in their order are as follows: "Jesus, the Founder"; "Paul, the Missionary"; "Augustine, the Theologian"; "Luther, the Reformer"; "George Fox, the Mystic"; "Emerson, the Seer." These lectures will be delivered in Masonic Hall, where Mr. Fenn has for some time been preaching on Sunday afternoons. — *Unity Church:* On the evening of Monday, January 18, a meeting was held in the church, under the auspices of the Bureau of Charities, to make arrangements for forming a council and securing an agent for the district in which the greater part of the church work is carried on. It is hoped that by thus systematizing the work by districts the charitable work of the various churches, as well as of individuals, may be rendered more effective. Mr. Bulkeley attended and took part in the meeting of the State Congress of Liberal Religions, which began its sessions at Aurora, on Wednesday evening, January 20. The first of a series of union meetings of teachers in the liberal Sunday-schools of Chicago is to be held at Unity Church, on Tuesday evening, February 9. The call for the meeting is signed by members of Unitarian, Universalist, Independent and Ethical schools, of which there are fully a dozen within the city limits. Rev. A. W. Gould, Mr. Albert Scheible, and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will be among the speakers at what promises to be a very instructive meeting.

Concord, N.H.— Christmas was celebrated in this church on Sunday, December 20. The church was tastefully trimmed with laurel, and a fine programme of Christmas music was rendered by the choir. The subject of Rev. Frank L. Phalen's sermon was "The Manger in Bethlehem." A special Christmas service was held by the Sunday-school at twelve o'clock. The usual Christmas festival was held in Phenix Hall on the evening of December 25.

Christmas was observed by "Channing Guild" on Sunday evening, December 27. Appropriate responsive readings were used, carols were sung, and the new service, "Christmas Thoughts," was given by nine members of the guild.

The first meeting for 1897 of the Parish Fund society was held in the church parlors on the evening of January 13, and officers were elected for the ensuing year. Supper was served at 6.30, after which, through the kindness of Mr. Batchelder, the organist, and the members of the choir,

a programme of vocal and instrumental music was charmingly rendered.

Denver, Col.—Our Alliance Branch meets monthly, with an attendance of twenty and upward. At each meeting an original paper is read by one of the members, current religious and denominational news is presented, and sometimes reviews of recent books. Unity Church is glad to have its doors open again, and gives Mr. Utter a warm welcome. It is picking up its dropped threads, resuming work with interest and with as good a degree of success as is possible under existing financial conditions.

Dorchester, Mass.—*Norfolk Church:* The recent fair given by the women workers of the Norfolk Church, though not so successful financially as that of a year ago, was one of the most attractive ever held in the chapel. The fact that it did not add more largely to the church treasury was simply owing to less favorable conditions than usual, and certainly reflects discredit on none who was in any way connected with it. The ladies worked hard, as the prettily decorated and well-loaded booths substantially testified, and the friends who came patronized them liberally. Indeed, under the circumstances, the receipts were surprisingly large. Both evenings passed off pleasantly, and all present enjoyed the social intercourse afforded. In addition to the other attractions, several artists furnished music for the occasion. One of the pleasant surprises of the evening was the puff given to the minister and his wife,—not one of those mere complimentary puffs, of which every minister receives so many, but a genuine *comforter* that testifies on a cold winter's night to the real warmth which accompanies the gift; and at the delightful Sunday-school festival the minister, Mr. Branigan, was presented with a very handsome picture as a gift from the Sunday-school.

Ellsworth, Me.—We are very glad to hear that the church at Ellsworth, after a vacation of some months, is to reopen again its doors for religious worship. Meetings have lately been held; the same people, without the loss of a single one, have determined to begin anew. Ellsworth, though not an opulent church, is one of enduring vitality. Perhaps the societies connected with the church, which do their work in such an efficient way, even without the inspiration of a minister, are in great measure to be congratulated for holding the people so effectively together in times of pulpit interregnum.

Groton, Mass.—The services, December 27, at the Unitarian church were of great interest. The ordinance of communion was observed as a part of the regular church service. Dr. Young is always especially happy on such occasions. He considers the service as one of the most valuable which the church offers as a help to right living, and that it should be as free to all as any other church ordinance. In the afternoon was a Sunday-school concert, one of the best which we have ever had. The service was one prepared for the Sunday-school. The story of the birth of Christ was read, and it was interspersed with singing,—the story being again told in song. Most of the singing was done by the school in concert, and was excellent. Solos by Miss Marion Needham and Miss Ruth Gerrish; and a quartet by Marion Needham, Eleanor Gerrish, Sam Wood, and Harry Gilson, were especially good. There were recitations given by some of the younger children. The new superintendent, Mr. Sargent, has his school well in hand, and the exercises were a credit both to him and the scholars.

Lawrence, Mass.—The Woman's Alliance, with a membership of about a hundred, has held monthly meetings, at each of which five o'clock tea is served. Interesting papers have been read by Miss Lucy C. Allen of West Newton, Miss Margaret Foster of Portsmouth, Mrs. Beatley and Miss Sarah F. Arnold of Boston. The Unity Club is reading Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" in character, and studying Brice's "American Commonwealth." The annual parish sociable was held New Year's evening, the fullest attended for years. Supper was served by the ladies. The children delightfully presented the operetta "Santa Claus at Home," and presents were provided on the tree for the Sunday-school. Recently the operetta was repeated for the benefit of the Lend-a-Hand Club, the orphans of the Children's Home being guests of the Club, and enjoying the ice-cream treat. The men's class in Sunday-school is studying Marshall's "Economics." The Guild meets Sunday evenings with a fair attendance. The Alliance is busily engaged in preparing the annual entertainment which is the base of supplies for charity work.

The recent death of Mr. Hezekiah Plummer removes a prominent citizen who for all the years of the society's existence has been a faithful supporter and constant pillar.

Madison, Wis.—A very pleasant reunion and love feast was held at the Unitarian church last evening, the occasion being the annual meeting of the church. The meeting was very largely attended and was most harmonious, and the members are highly pleased at oue result,—that Rev. W. D.

Simonds will remain another year. He was re-elected by acclamation and made a graceful speech of acceptance. Mr. Simonds has done a great work in building up the church, and while he could command a larger field of work and a better salary than he enjoys at present, he is, nevertheless, so well pleased with Madison and his congregation that he does not yet wish to sever his connections with them.

The reports of the various officers showed a healthy growth of the church and a bright outlook for the future. Prof. E. R. Mauer made a brief address on the work of the Contemporary club, and Miss Lelia Gile reported for the Young People's guild. This department showed the greatest progress, increasing in membership and in interest in the work pursued. Last year a study of Channing and other liberal leaders was made. This year the programme consists of studies of representative characters of the world, living and dead.

Manistee, Mich.—The various activities of the church here are full of life. A Mothers' Club has recently been organized in the church. Miss Harrison's book, "Child Nature," is to be used as a basis of study. The club meets Tuesday afternoon in the ladies' room of the church. A class of girls meets every Friday afternoon in the church to sew for the needy, while Mrs. Byrnes reads to them "Silas Marner." The Ladies' Society and Young Peoples' Union held a joint sale and social in December which was very successful, there being a large attendance of all classes of people in the town. The receipts of the evening were $175, of which $125 was clear gain.

The Sunday-school invited in about sixty poor children to share with them in the Christmas festivity in the church. In addition to the candy and nuts, they were presented with some needed articles of clothing. The Sunday-school is growing right along, having more than doubled since January 1896. Mr. Byrnes has announced for January and February a series of eight "Sunday Evenings with the Poets." Mr. Byrnes gives a short address on the poet and his special genius, quoting from the poet to illustrate his points. Some of the good readers in the parish are invited to read appropriate selections from the poet, and, so far as possible, the songs of the poet are sung by the choir. Whittier, Longfellow, Burns, Field, Lowell, Riley, Holmes, Emerson, are the poets announced.

Proctor Academy.—The financial agent makes the following appeal to the friends of education for aid for Proctor Academy:—

Dear Friends,—In behalf of the Unitarian Educational Society I wish to make respectful application for a contribution in aid of Proctor Academy for the year ending June, 1897. The sum of $2,000, which is now in course of collection, a part having been received, will be needed for this annual account. Many persons and Branches of the Women's National Alliance have contributed hitherto in moderate amounts.

The school had fifty-three pupils present for the fall term, 1896. Four teachers are employed. Of the pupils that have gone out from the school for the past two years, three are in Harvard College, one in Radcliffe, two in the Meadville Theological School, three have engaged in teaching, one has taken kindergarten training, and two housekeeping.

Special efforts are made to increase the endowment, now amounting to about $8,000. Until the endowment is substantially increased, a moderate annual amount will be needed from the friends of education. Bequests have been made by the late Mrs. Mary A. Hunt, of Nashua, $3,000, and Mrs. Nancy Ann Eastman, Andover, a residue not yet received.

Hoping for the favor of a donation to the annual account, I am

Very truly yours,
LYMAN CLARK,
Financial Agent.

Roxbury, Mass.— *First Church.* The Roxbury Female Benevolent Society: This society was organized in 1827, and ever since has been a very efficient aid in the charities of Roxbury. It gives employment in sewing to a large number of women, and distributes many garments to the needy. It meets for its work at Putnam Chapel, every Monday morning at ten o'clock. It has an employment committee and a loan and gift committee. It has invested funds amounting to $7,600. President, Mrs. Mary A. Wells; vice-president, Mrs. Charles Pollock; secretary, Miss Julia Worthington; treasurer, Mr. Gorham Rogers; auditor, Mr. Henry W. Putnam.

The John Eliot Club: This club was organized in 1890 for the purpose "of bringing the gentlemen of the parish into closer and more helpful relations to their pastor and to one another, and promoting an active interest in the religious and social life of the church." The meetings are held at the Thorndike, on the first Thursday evenings of December, February and April. President, Azariah Smith; vice-presidents, Robert C. Metcalf, Dependence S. Waterman; secretary, S. Everett Tinkham; treasurer, Alfred Bunker.

The Woman's Alliance: This is the Branch of "the National Alliance," connected with the First Church, and its aim is to enlist the interest of every woman in

the church in denominational and missionary work. Its meetings are held the first Tuesday in every month, from October to May, in Putnam Chapel at three o'clock. The first half hour is devoted to business, then follows a talk or lecture, afterward tea is served, and a half hour given to conversation. The annual membership is one dollar. Connected with it are the Post-office Mission and the Cheerful Letter Exchange. President, Mrs. Henry D. Forbes; vice-president, Mrs. Alfred Bunker; recording secretary, Mrs. Theodore M. Plimpton; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Francis Ware; treasurer, Mrs. Lucretia H. French.

The Chapel Club: This is a new organization for the young ladies of the parish. It meets the last Tuesday of every month at the chapel at three o'clock P.M., and all the young ladies are expected to join it. The object of the club is to help in various charitable work of the denomination, to aid the New England Hospital for Women, and other institutions. President, Miss Ethel Hunneman; vice-president, Miss Eunice Cruft; treasurer, Miss Helen Rogers; secretary, Miss Corinne Wallis.

The whole work of the church, under the inspiring leadership of Rev. James De Normandie, goes forward prosperously.

Saco, Me.—Mr. Marsh has given two of a series of informal lectures at the vestry, the subject being "The Middle Ages." He makes them very interesting, and has a blackboard on which the most important events and dates are written. The regular services of the church and young people's meeting are well attended. The Social Circle and Woman's Alliance each calls the respective members together at stated times. At the annual meeting of the Alliance, Mrs. William Emery was elected president, Mrs. Marsh declining to serve longer, as she is a firm believer in rotation of office. A number of the Alliance ladies packed a sugar barrel with clothing, reading matter, and toys for the family of Mrs. Taylor, living in Washington State.

Salem, Mass.—The First Church has called to its pulpit Rev. E. J. Prescott of Kennebunkport, Me.

—A successful series of vesper services is being held at the North Church on Sunday afternoons at four o'clock.

—Some special evening services have been held at the East Church, at which Rev. E. D. Towle has treated some of the modern methods of religious revival.

—The Barton Square Church and the East Church have held local union meetings of Alliance which have been interesting and helpful.

—The weekly Teacher's Meetings have been well sustained and have developed much interest in the subjects discussed.

—Rev. George L. Chaney has completed a three months' engagement in the pulpit of the First Church. His active co-operation in the general work of our churches was much appreciated by all.

Sheffield, Ill.—The society here was never in better condition. The year 1896 was a memorable one. On the lot west of the church, a handsome two-story modern parsonage has gone up, being provided with hot and cold water, bath-room, and furnace, as well as good laundry conveniences in the basement. This handsome addition to the church property is principally the gift of Mrs. William M. Whipple, being supplemented by other generous friends. The pastor and wife are now installed in the new home, after a period of waiting in much less commodious quarters. In addition to this enterprise, the Ladies' Society undertook the rehabilitation of the parlors at considerable cost. The trustees painted the outside of the church in the summer. A monthly parish paper, *Fraternity*, was begun in October. The Guild, meeting Sunday evenings, has proved quite prosperous, the programme being, by universal consent, especially meritorious. Of the Sunday-school so good a report cannot be made. "Unity Bible Lessons," published by *Old and New* of Davenport, Ia., will probably be adopted for 1897, and this change, it is confidently hoped, will do much toward awakening and sustaining interest. In addition to these activities, the society subscribed $25 toward the finding of a permanent home for an orphan child, through the Illinois Children's Home Society. At the annual meeting for 1897 the following trustees were elected: Chairman, Mr. Jasper Wood; Messrs. J. Prior, D. F. Humphreys, Charles Simington, and C. Gunkle. The Finance Committee: Messrs. W. W. Dewey and Elmer Battey. The Rev. J. C. Allen, late of Winona, Minn., has been visiting the pastor for the past few weeks, during which time he has occupied the pulpit on two occasions, and lectured before the Guild on "Faust," giving on each occasion great delight to his auditors.

Springfield, Mass.—*Church of the Unity:* The most interesting event of the past month was the annual visit of Booker T. Washington. His address was most interesting, and the large audience were given an opportunity to contribute toward the fund necessary to carry on the good work Mr. Washington is doing among his colored brethren. Martineau was taken up at the meeting of the Woman's Alliance, January 7. An interesting paper was read by Miss

Harriet Hudson, after which the value of Puritan influence was discussed. Mr. Stebbins, of Worcester, preached for us January 10. The Ladies' Benevolent Society met January 14 to sew for the needy. Supper was served at six o'clock, and a social evening followed.

Sterling, Ill.—Services are held by the People's Church every Sunday evening at 7.15 o'clock in G.A.R. hall. Sunday-school classes at 10.30 A.M. A class for the study of Emerson's life and writings meets once in two weeks on Tuesday evenings. A cordial invitation to all of the meetings is extended to the public.

"We stand (1) for the worship of God, (2) for purity of personal life, (3) for the God-appointed service of man."

This is Section IX. of the statement of belief of the People's Church of Sterling and Rock Falls, subscription to which constitutes association with the society.

Temple, Me.—Rev. W. H. Ramsay, of Farmington, preaches here every other week, and is doing excellent work. He is greeted by large audiences, and the people are glad to hear the new gospel. There is a large liberal religious element here that has been choked up by Orthodoxy, and Mr. Ramsay has succeeded in bringing it out into the light of day. This really should be the mission of the Unitarian denomination, —to church the unchurched. There are bright prospects in that direction here in Temple.

West Roxbury, Mass.—On Christmas Eve the Sunday-school had their tree and games. There were also stereopticon views of famous paintings on the Nativity, and selections were given from noted poets appropriate to the occasion. The Lend a Hand is sewing for the Children's Rest in Roslindale and for the Tuskegee School. The ladies of the sewing circle have drawn generously on their treasury toward the payment of an incumbrance on the lot of land recently purchased by the society. The Woman's Alliance have had two very interesting papers during the month, one on "Moods," by Mrs. Beatley, of the Church of the Disciples, and the "History of the Devil," by Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., of Dedham. At the vesper service on January 17, Mr. Hussey gave the first of a series of sermons on "The Lord's Prayer." The church was well filled, and the music of an exceptionally fine order.

Wilton, N.H.—New Year's Sunday was a memorable day in the annals of the Unitarian church at Wilton Centre. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, preached a fine New Year's sermon, in the course of which he referred to the Church as an institution claiming and worthy of the support of all good citizens, and closing with calling upon all present to commemorate this the first Sabbath of the year by entering into closer connections with this venerable church, now and at once, and called on Mr. J. F. Kimball, as a member of the prudential committee, to state the conditions of membership and other facts gleaned from the past records.

Mr. Kimball stated that, with the pastor, he had made an examination of the records and had found it a most interesting study. He stated that the Unitarian Year Book for 1897 gave the date of the organization of this church as 1763; but the town history showed that a church was built and used in 1752, so that this society had a history covering a hundred and forty-five years. The first settled minister, Rev. Mr. Livermore, was ordained in 1763. He was the grandfather of the late Dr. A. A. Livermore. In 1818 the church was incorporated, by act of legislature, under the name of "The Congregational Church of Wilton." By this act of incorporation, membership was acquired by signing articles of agreement. There appear to be no records extant until January, 1829, since when they are pretty complete. On that date the act of incorporation was accepted and by-laws adopted. Articles of agreement were drawn up, over the date of Dec. 16, 1828, probably preparatory to the annual meeting on the following first Tuesday of January, 1829, to which a hundred and forty signatures are attached. Of these hundred and forty only one survives,—the venerable Deacon George Buss. These names are largely the names of the fathers and grandfathers of the present congregation, and probably represent a large majority of the numbers, as well as the vigor, intelligence, and wealth of the town. It is to be remembered that at this time only one other church, the Baptist, was in existence. In 1853 the by-laws were revised, the articles of agreement copied, and the signatures of forty-three gentlemen are affixed. No ladies' names appear. Of these forty-three only two remain, Deacon George Buss and Mr. John D. Wilson, both of whom were present. At the close of Mr. Kimball's statement, Mr. Mitchell called on the congregation to come forward and sign the articles of agreement, and his request was responded to by nearly every person present.

Yarmouth, Me.—There seems to be an increased interest and activity all around. There is a larger attendance on the church services, and a greater activity in subordinate societies. The ladies' circle has just held one of their most successful "fairs," the receipts being over $130.

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